New Statesman

The Week-end Review

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A Bulwark of Liberty

THE House of Commons, urged on by Mr Herbert Morrison and most of the Tory press, took a thoroughly bad decision last Tuesday in turning down the recommendation of its own Committee of Privileges. The Strauss case has from beginning to end been highly controversial. First, Mr. Strauss was complaining about a matter in which he derived expert knowledge from his own business – thus leaving himself open to the totally unfounded whisper that he was in some way seeking to secure his personal interests. Secondly, the legal nicety of the point which had to be decided was calculated to confuse the general public and make easy the task of those who had logs to roll against the privilege of parliament. Nor, indeed, are all the arguments against even an apparent extension of privilege without substance. There is a danger, which surprisingly seldom materialises and is always quickly dealt with by parliament itself when it does, that MPs will abuse privilege to their personal advantage. Yet that is not the essential issue.

Stripped of prejudice, special pleading and technical complexity, this can be presented very simply. The privilege of parliament (not of individual MPs) is the great buttress of popular liberty which supports an elected House of Commons against those traditional enemies of liberty, the Crown, the instruments of the executive, and the great private or autonomous corporations – in whatever estate they operate. It is privilege which enables MPs to represent their constituents in the knowledge that they can be neither restrained from full freedom in the proceedings of parliament nor subsequently penalised – except by the electors – for the part they have played in them. The right of a member to say whatever he likes, subject only to the House's own rules of procedure, is absolute in the House of Commons itself. Mr Strauss claimed, and the Committee of Privileges supported him, that this privilege automatically covered the private letters to responsible ministers which, in the pressure of modern parliamentary practice, have largely and inevitably superseded the parliamentary question on matters of administrative detail.

It is this claim that the Commons has now turned down. In future no MP will be able to probe into the hidden corners of ministerial responsibility except at the risk of libel proceedings from the party under investigation, unless he chooses to bring the parliamentary machine to a standstill (and perhaps do far more damage to the good name of innocent individuals) by making in the House all the allegations which it may be his duty to make. Ah, says Sir Hartley Shawcross in a letter to *The Times* which combines, unusually, some of the trickiness of Sir John Simon with the frivolity of Marie Antoinette, but any MP sued for libel in these circumstances has a pretty good chance of getting away with the legal defence of 'qualified privilege'. Ordinary MPs, working full-time in parliament and living on their salaries, will question the value of their right to defend themselves against a series of libel actions brought by public boards with bottomless purses.

The truth is that the Strauss case is one engagement in a struggle which the official establishment is waging against the increasing tendency of back-bench MPs to harry it on points of administrative detail. But this trend among MPs is of vital importance to the ordinary citizen as more and more of his private life is subjected to the pressures and controls – and abuses – of government departments and big corporations. It is those constitutional monsters of the modern establishment, the publicly-owned but autonomous corporations which, in their own empires of privilege, patronage and, inevitably, occasional corruption, most resent the attentions of inquisitive MPs.

Tuesday's decision can be reversed only by legislation designed to add by statute to parliamentary privilege the type of communication under discussion in the Strauss case. Such legislation would have many disadvantages and would certainly be most fiercely opposed by every kind of specious argument designed to persuade the public that MPs were seeking to add to their own privilege at the expense of their constituents. It follows that the first task of undeceived democrats is to explain to ordinary people that without this so-called 'privilege' scandals will be much more difficult to expose.

Comments on the Week's News

Chamoun at Bay

It is not yet clear whether the Anglo-American plan to intervene in the Lebanon has been finally scrapped. Some units of the Sixth Fleet have left Lebanese waters, but the Marine striking force remains and no decision has yet been taken to recall the section of the British strategic reserve from Cyprus. Nevertheless, the blunt and very definite UN report makes intervention almost unthinkable – unless, of course, there is a sudden change in the military situation. It endorses the view of the Foreign Office, which has insisted to the Cabinet all along that intervention is neither necessary nor feasible. The report has also changed the political situation within the Lebanon. The 'rebels' feel they have won a moral victory and are therefore more disposed to make concessions, particularly since they are now short of both ammunition and money. Chamoun, too, has lost ground within the government. Until the publication of the report, he was running the government virtually as a one-man show. Last Saturday, however, he was forced to hold a cabinet meeting, at which a majority of ministers turned down his request that the government officially repudiate the report, and made it clear that they would favour negotiations with the rebels. Chamoun has not yet been checkmated; indeed, he is in constant contact with both the Iraqis and the Turks – Syria's bitter enemies – and the possibility of an 'intervention by Asians' cannot entirely be ruled out. Meanwhile, the presidential election date is now only a fortnight off; if a candidate acceptable to both sides emerges within the next week, the road to a solution will be open.

Less Feather-bedding on the Farm

Labour's new policy statement, 'Prosper the Plough', is more significant for what it carefully does not promise than for what it does. Although the authors insist that they still base their proposals 'firmly' upon the 1947 Agricultural Act, it is clear that the party has modified its thinking a good deal since Tom Williams reigned at the Ministry. First, it admits that 'it would be inappropriate to call for the all-out expansion of home production that was so necessary in earlier years'. Instead, the aim is to absorb a 'moderate increase' in production due to higher productivity; in other words to stop any actual physical contraction of the industry. Again, although the document insists that 'guaranteed prices and assured markets are fundamental to the Act', it does not commit itself to either. Marketing is to be the subject of 'further examination'; as for fixed guaranteed prices, the document merely pledges that there will be a return to these for a 'larger number' of commodities than the three (milk, wool and sugar beet) for which they still operate. 'The way this will be done, and the commodities affected, will be decided by the next Labour government after consulting the industry's representatives'. In short the document has all the appearance of an uneasy compromise between the producers' and the consumers' lobby in the party, with awkward problems being shelved by the now familiar device of leaving the next Labour government a free hand. Price guarantees are to continue, in forms unspecified, but the document does recognise that this can lead to putting fat profits in the pockets of efficient farmers and even goes on to suggest that the problem 'can be overcome to some extent by a gradual reduction of assistance through prices and a stepping-up of direct grants for specified purposes or for particular categories of farms'. All this is much more realistic than the 'production at any price' policy of 1945-51.

Anarchy in Cyprus

Since the Commons debate and the Governor's return, the situation in Cyprus has rapidly deteriorated. All the goodwill invoked by Sir Hugh Foot's appointment eight months ago now seems to have been dissipated and his influence has disappeared in the welter of communal rioting, mutual vituperation from Athens and Ankara, and indecision on the part of the British government. No one would blame the Governor personally for this degeneration, but the weakness of his position has been aggravated by his inability or failure to replace the military leaders and administrators who served Lord Harding. It is widely believed in Cyprus that the deliberate policy of the Administration was to bring the Turks into the battle. This belief is daily strengthened by the failure to convince Greek Cypriots that the administration and the military authorities are as anxious to protect them from Turkish terrorism as to suppress Greek violence. When the government distributes leaflets entitled *Violence Breeds Violence*, implying that it was Eoka who first started the road to partition on 1 April 1955, cooling of tempers is scarcely to be expected. The tragic fact appears to be that the military authorities and the traditional administrators are now running the island, with little reference to the Governor. Unless this deterioration is halted immediately, the chances are that a full-scale civil war will break out.

Miners' Next Leader

Mr Arthur Horner has been attending his last conference as secretary of the National Union of Mineworkers; as president, Mr W. E. Jones of Yorkshire is also due to retire next year. There have been repeated rumours of serious conflict between them over industrial policy. Mr Horner is a Communist, though he has more than once deviated from the official line; Mr Jones is a notable anti-Communist, like Mr Sam Watson of Durham, the miners' best known representative on the Labour Party Executive. Who will succeed these men when they go? Mr Watson is too old to be a candidate, and so is Mr Abe Moffat, the Scottish Communist. The Communists' leading candidate seems likely to be Mr W. Painter, now president of the South Wales area, who has so far shown no signs of deviation from official Communist policy. Among non-Communists, Mr Alwyn Machin of Yorkshire seems more likely to contest the presidency than the secretaryship – since Mr Jones is also a Yorkshireman. Among likely candidates to the office of secretary are Mr J. Southall, at present secretary of the Midlands area, and Mr F. Ford who joined the old MFGB 33 years ago and is now secretary of the Colliery Officials and Staff Society of the NUM. Mr Southall is a former underground worker, whereas Mr Ford is handicapped for office by never having worked as a miner. Meanwhile, the NUM has been in conference at Porthcawl, not officially in connection with the impending vacancies, but in order to decide what to do about its pending application for higher wages to improve conditions. The NUM leadership has hitherto shown itself very reluctant to become involved in a serious wage dispute with the NCB, despite pressure from some of its districts. But it has never had to face – as it may do now – the prospect of direct government opposition to its claims; and that may make all the difference to its attitude.

Dock Strike Threatened

A number of employers have still made no offer in reply to the dockers' demand for a substantial wage increase, which was originally submitted in April and has been twice rejected outright by the employers. The Chief Conciliation Officer of the Ministry of Labour this week notified the union representatives that this was still the position and seems to have suggested arbitration, which the union has rejected. The dockers on strike recently in London were out unofficially in sympathy with the strikers at Smithfield market, and some employers are demanding guarantees against unofficial action as a condition of a wage advance. The union, however, argues that the London position is wholly unrelated to the general wage demand, which applies to the whole country, and are aggrieved by the employers making no offer at a time when three or four per cent. is being granted in a number of other industries. The principal union concerned, the T & GW, has now referred the whole question to the conference of its docks group, which is free to take any decision it pleases with the assurance of receiving the full backing of the union as a whole. Once more, then, the T & GWU finds itself in the centre of the picture, reluctant to call a strike but determined to do so rather than accept defeat of its claims. The dockers' basic minimum at present is only £8 2s 3d for a week of five and a half days, though of course most of the men earn substantially more.

Tension in the Federation

Political tension in Central Africa is rapidly rising to fever pitch. While Sir Roy Welensky and the new Southern Rhodesian Premier, Sir Edgar Whitehead, have opened the federal election campaign with a vigorous attempt to bully the British government into granting independence in 1960, African opinion is preparing to go to any lengths to oppose a move which would leave them at the mercy of the white settlers. During the last few weeks the Northern Rhodesian African Representative Council, the Nyasaland African Congress, and various provincial advisory councils have all decided to boycott the federal elections due this autumn. The evidence of their success is the fact that only about 400 Africans have so far registered as federal electors, though several thousands are eligible. The boycott decision of the Representative Council is particularly significant, for this represents the most moderate of African opinion. The Colonial Office still has responsibility for politics in Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland, and its decisions over the next twelve months will determine whether or not African opinion will be represented through these two governments at the 1960 constitutional conference. Recently a

Nyasaland National Congress delegation put its constitutional proposals to the Colonial Secretary in London. It demanded adult suffrage, an elective Legislative Council, and a Cabinet with most of the ministers drawn from the majority party. Their efforts will be tremendously reinforced by the return to Nyasaland this week of Dr Hastings Banda, who has been away from his country for 41 years, but is idolised by Africans. Significantly, the Nyasaland Europeans have refused to take part in the constitutional discussions.

Russell to the Swiss

The Swiss Government appears not yet to have replied to the letter which Bertrand Russell addressed to it on July 4. The newspapers here have reported Russell's statement that Basle's decision to forbid an international congress of intellectuals on nuclear warfare has 'shocked liberals throughout the world as apparently involving a departure from those traditions of tolerant internationalism which have caused your country to be valued by all who care for human welfare'. But the full text of Bertrand Russell's letter has not been widely reported. He points out that the two official statements of the Swiss government seem to be based on

> two quite different grounds: first, that the discussions might criticise the policy of the West German government; second, that resolutions might be passed opposing, by implication, the Swiss government's determination to acquire hydrogen bombs. In regard to both these points, there are some questions which I hope your government will be willing to answer in a way calculated to allay liberal anxieties.
>
> As to the first point: does your government hold that no Congress on Swiss soil must advocate anything contrary to the policy of any Sovereign State? Suppose, for example, that a Congress of Criminal Lawyers opposed to capital punishment was intended to be held in Switzerland. Would you forbid it on the ground that capital punishment exists in some countries with which you have friendly relations? Or, again, would you, since Switzerland prides herself on her neutrality and must, therefore, dislike giving offence even to Communist countries, forbid a Conference at which a resolution in general terms declared that governments ought not to break faith after giving a safe-conduct? Has your government thought out the implications of this part of its statements?
>
> The second principle enunciated by your government, namely, that you cannot tolerate any Congress which may pass a resolution contravening by implication some part of the Swiss government's policy, is even more astonishing. Switzerland has opposed female suffrage after other nations had granted it. Would you, therefore, have forbidden any international congress which advocated votes for women?
>
> A suspicion exists, which I hope you can dispel, that you wish to keep the population of Switzerland ignorant of the dangers involved in nuclear weapons until after you have secured their manufacture by your country. The Congress, if it had been held, would probably have passed a resolution to the effect that the acquisition of H-bombs by countries not now possessing them would be undesirable. It would almost certainly not have mentioned Switzerland explicitly. Does your government consider that the Nationals of any given country have no right to express opinions about H-bombs of other countries? Seeing that no country manufactures H-bombs for the purpose of killing its own citizens, it would seem, on the elementary principle of self-preservation, that any country's H-bombs are a more lively concern of every other country than of the country which is manufacturing them. This is explicitly adopted by various important countries, for example, India and Japan. It would be useful to know what the Swiss government has to say against this.

These questions seem to need answers.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Paris

Licensed Conspirators

Our Paris Correspondent writes: France has now become an Alice in Wonderland state, with the Mad Hatter in charge. Officially, the Fourth Republic still exists and in October the French will even (theoretically) have the opportunity to prolong its life indefinitely by voting against de Gaulle's new constitution. Until then, the laws of the Republic are still in force, the Assembly is merely on leave – not dissolved – and anyone infringing republican liberties is liable to prosecution. Yet the men who engineered the 13 May plot are everywhere talking about, writing about and boasting about their parts in actions which, if the law were enforced, would lead to their immediate arrest for 'rebellion against the legitimate authorities'. M. Alain de Sérigny, publisher of the *Echo d'Alger* and a leading member of the Public Safety Committee, has just brought out a book describing in detail the origins of the plot. Léon Delbecque, *chef de cabinet* to Chaban-Delmas at the Defence Ministry, made further disclosures in a speech at Lille on Sunday, while innumerable generals have scrambled to the rostrum to claim they were 'in' on it too.

De Sérigny's book is the most revealing. Its author, along with Soustelle and Delbecque, was the real architect of the plot. According to the plan de Sérigny had prepared, Lacoste, the Minister-Resident, was to give the signal for the uprising by publicly announcing that he would not leave Algiers until a government of Public Safety had been formed in Paris. Lacoste had been infuriated by the Socialist Party's decision not to take part in the Pflimlin government, which meant the end of his proconsulship. Seeing his rage, de Sérigny advised him to break publicly with his party. He then nipped across to Paris, held consultations with Soustelle, and saw Lacoste again on 8 May. 'If you make this gesture,' he assured him, 'de Gaulle is prepared to endorse your act in a public statement.' Lacoste was stupefied. He agreed to de Sérigny's plan, then began to hedge. His statement was put off from day to day. Lacoste feared to find himself at the head of an insurrectionary movement – he much preferred to join in after its success was assured – and he believed, in any case, that effective pressure could be brought to bear on Paris by stage-managed street demonstrations. Hence, he advised the Algiers extremists to take by storm the Algiers town hall, the headquarters of his enemy Jacques Chevalier, who was once a Cabinet minister in Mendès-France's government; meanwhile, he himself left for Paris, to avoid having to commit himself. De Sérigny and his friends then decided to go the whole hog. The demonstration, as Lacoste had advised, took place; but the building the mob stormed was Lacoste's own office. Delbecque's story is much the same as de Sérigny's; the only real discordance is that each claims to have master-minded the *coup*.

And de Gaulle? Was he really prepared to back Lacoste's gesture of defiance? The General has not judged it necessary to deny de Sérigny's assertion, and his conduct during the last few days proves that he is unwilling to impose any sanctions on those who executed the conspiracy. The names of the officers and civil servants who participated are now public knowledge – de Sérigny gives them in his book, and Moch also cited some of them in his speech last Sunday – but not one has been dismissed. On the contrary, several have been promoted – above all, the arch-conspirator Soustelle, who now joins the government at the head of the Information Ministry which, it seems, is to be transferred into a Goebels-style propaganda machine.

New York

The 49th State

By the end of the year, unless Alaskans themselves undergo a miraculous change of heart, the Union will have added a 49th state – bigger than the combined areas of Texas, California, and Montana, now the three largest; extremely rich in timber, minerals and oil; and at its closest point more remote from Washington than London or Paris.

The long fight for admission of Alaska, which for all practical purposes was ended by a 64-20 vote in the Senate, has been marked by a surprisingly tenacious opposition, little of which appeared in the open. In the territory itself there is even now an undercurrent of feeling against statehood, although a large majority are on record in favour of it. Doubt appears to stem chiefly from fear of a sudden astronomical jump in taxes on top of living costs already higher than anywhere else in the American economy. From Washington and Oregon there has been steady pressure against admission brought mainly by various fishing interests who see themselves threatened.

Hidden political objections have been stronger and more widespread than the economic. Neither Republicans nor southern Democrats have anything to gain from Alaska's admission. Its phantom delegation, confidently waiting in the wings for formal election, is led by Dr Ernest Gruening, an important figure in the Roosevelt Administration and a former editor of the *Nation*. More fundamentally, the Southerners see the addition of two northern Democrats as a threat to the Senate's closure rule, which they need in order to preserve the hallowed institution of the filibuster. Moreover, they do not relish the addition of a state in which Indians, Eskimos, and Aleuts sit in the legislature and otherwise take a normal part in civic life. With the way thus opened for the admission of Hawaii, they have even more distressing visions of oriental colleagues in the halls of Congress, with further pressure on the sagging colour line. While all but three of the deep Southerners voted against admission, the Republicans overwhelmingly endorsed it in the end. To have done otherwise might have given the new state unalterably to the Democrats.

In the debate, of course, all such considerations were unspoken. The arguments were lofty: To admit a state with a population of only 208,000, perhaps no more than 30,000 of whom would be eligible to vote, and to give it equality in the Senate with New York, which has 80 times Alaska's population, would make a mockery of the democratic system, a point ironically stressed by a Senator from South Carolina. Then, too, if we began taking in non-contiguous areas, shouldn't we be following the fatal course of the

Roman Empire? And, finally, the Alaskan economy is much too poor to sustain adequate public services without federal support.

To all these contentions answers were forthcoming and abundant. The opening of more than 100 million acres to prospectors, the acquisition of mineral rights from the federal government, the issuance of oil leases – all are expected to attract capital and population in such volume that Alaska will have no more trouble in meeting the obligations of a sovereign state than California in the 1850s. And as for equality of representation, Senator Long of Louisiana pointed out that his own state was admitted with a population of 75,556, half of whom were slaves and Indians. The Senator from South Carolina's earnest plea for democratic representation may have had objective merit, but not surprisingly, considering the source, it failed to get across.

ROBERT BENDINER

Colombo

Behind the Riots

A Special Correspondent writes: When Mr Bandaranaike's coalition party was swept into power in 1956, its election manifesto declared that immediate provision would be made in the Ceylon constitution declaring Sinhalese to be the only official language of the country, but without prejudice to the reasonable use of other minority languages.

But when the bill providing the official use of Sinhalese came before the new parliament, agitation by extreme nationalist elements had seen to it that it was divested of the clause conferring minority safeguards. This was the signal for a campaign of counter-agitation by representatives of the Tamil-speaking peoples in parliament. A movement of protest and passive resistance was launched in the north and east; and when early this year the newly constituted and state-owned public transport board sent a fleet of new buses bearing Sinhalese number plates to these traditionally Tamil areas, bands of demonstrators smeared them over with tar. If Tamils construed the use of Sinhalese lettered buses in their areas as a piece of needless provocation, the rest of the community was not slow to demonstrate an equal touchiness. A thoroughly efficient organisation staged a counter-demonstration in Sinhalese areas, blacking every public inscription in the Tamil language. Few apart from the organisers themselves could have foreseen what forces lurked behind the apparent spontaneity of this operation. It was only at the height of last month's carnage and destruction, when Tamil establishments and homes were being picked for attack with deadly precision, that it became clear how seemingly haphazard scrawls made by hired hoodlums on vacant wall spaces up and down the country were meant to serve as target markers in a deep-laid plan.

Such then is the background to communal rancour and suspicion that exists between the two important communities of Ceylon today. The government's critics, especially those of Marxist persuasion, have imputed that its cynical half-hearted promise to elevate Sinhalese to the status of the only official language can neither be fulfilled (for fear of Tamil resistance) nor on the other hand ignored (for fear of Sinhalese reprisals). On a closer study of the issues involved at the 1956 election and the results actually obtained, this would seem a superficial judgment. The critics forget that the decision to exploit the emotional appeal only among the Sinhalese was not just the whim of political opportunists but an acknowledgment of compelling realities. Briefly these realities were: the staggering increase – by 2.3 million – in Ceylon's population during the ten years immediately preceding the election; the expansion of education facilities since the grant of independence, and the heart-rending inadequacy of Ceylon's almost stagnant economy.

The cause of this acceleration in the rate of natural increase was the eradication of malaria. The spectacular miracle worked by DDT affected, however, only those areas peopled by the majority community; the Sinhalese population alone rose by 1.5 million in the decade before the 1956 election. On a conservative estimate, nearly a million of these were pressing on the congested labour market. It was the 'surplus' Sinhalese who put the MEP government in power and it is these people whom the MEP must satisfy, either on a short-term linguistic basis or on a long-term economic basis, if it is to remain in power. And no amount of pious humbug about the virtues of communal amity and Buddhist tolerance will satisfy their growing demands.

Westminster

The Quiff and the Smear

Hitherto, Sir Reginald Manningham-Buller, the Attorney General, has hidden his light under so bulky a bushel that one doubted whether he had any light there at all. In the House he has shown ponderous doggedness rather than flexibility of mind, and his most usual reaction, when some new and unexpected point is raised in debate, is to turn a deep shade of damson and plough on through his manuscript to preconceived conclusions which, to the layman, often seem wrong. But in this week's debate on privilege he made a remarkable speech. Perhaps there was more of assertion in it than there was an argument, but argument on the law goes better in the courts than in the Commons; and, without once allowing personalities or other extraneous matters to intrude, he stated clearly to the House what the issue was. We were not, that evening, to decide whether the letter which Mr George Strauss had written about the London Electricity Board *should* be privileged. We had only to decide whether it *was* privileged. He then gave his formal opinion that, as things stood, it was not privileged and maintained this view successfully against a barrage of questioning.

Mr Gaitskell opposed the Attorney with a speech which was equally impressive, even if it did tend to argue what should be rather than what was. Many newspapers and even some MPs have been spreading the idea in recent weeks that members of parliament seek privilege in order to set themselves above their fellows for purposes of their own. Gaitskell stated the truth, that parliamentary privilege is sought so that a member may be unfettered in doing his duty by his constituents. Lawyers had argued that MPs could already do this since, even if they were dragged into court the court would always find for them, provided they had shown no malice. Sir Lionel Heald had reflected this view when he shouted across to Strauss: 'Why didn't you go to court and fight it out like a man?' Gaitskell, to the immense delight of the non-legal members, commented mildly that lawyers would never be able to understand why ordinary people do not rush eagerly to law at every opportunity, nor why MPs, even those wealthy enough to afford the inevitable costs of actions, might feel constrained in the service they give to their constituents if it might land them in court.

With two such speeches to lead the debate, and a third, by Mr R. A. Butler in his most blandly middle-of-the-road form, to open it, one would guess that the discussion kept to a high level; and so, on the whole, it did. But at one point, while Mr Herbert Morrison was speaking, it dropped to a very low level; and judging from the undertone both of some speeches in the chamber and some discussions outside it, not a few votes were finally cast for reasons which had nothing to do with the merits of the case. First, Morrison. With all the skill of which he is still capable, he began by imparting prejudice. The matter, he said, began with a trade association – 'And some people think', he said, pausing with elaborate casualness – 'that is something in the nature of a ring but I am not sure'; and this – here came another pause – this . . trade association had 'used' Strauss to attack the Electricity Board over a matter in which the association was financially interested. This charge was factually and categorically denied but some damage had been done. For Strauss is not only a Jew but also rich and a Socialist; and such a combination can arouse primeval instincts. There was some sign of them coming to the surface as Morrison proceeded to castigate the intemperance of the language which Strauss had used in his letter, an argument which, whether justified or not, seemed wholly irrelevant to the issue. But there were also signs that Morrison's tactics were turning some waverers against him and these were particularly evident when, in a burst of emotion, he passionately proclaimed himself a House of Commons man. This seemed a bit 'rough', in Morrison language, to those who realised that if years ago Morrison had not persuaded the Labour Party to limit parliamentary control over the nationalised industries, Strauss would not have found himself in his present position. If there had been full parliamentary control, Strauss could have asked questions under the protection of privilege on the floor of the House.

Mainly because of this speech, irrelevant and sometimes disreputable considerations probably affected the vote. Every vote mattered when the majority, against Strauss, was only five and thus, for the time being, the main bulk of members who stuck honestly to the issue, had their business settled for them – and so did their constituents, who are likely to be the main sufferers.

J. P. W. MALLALIEU

Fleet Street

The Press in Israel

Last month I found myself in the headquarters of the Journalists' Association in Tel Aviv, invited to talk on the British press. At the end I was asked which British newspapers I thought ought in these days to be quoted in the foreign press to give a reasonably representative indication of British public opinion on any subject. 'The tradition still continues', said my questioner, 'of quoting abroad mainly *The Times* and the *Manchester Guardian* and of considering that what they have to say gives the British point of view. But is this any longer so?' As a supplementary I was asked whether the breach between the mass press and the class press was really as deep as it seemed to be from the columns of *The Times*.

None of these, it will be perceived, is a very easy question to answer. But they seemed to me interesting as indicating the extent to which the highly intelligent newspapermen of Israel – drawn

from practically every national background you can think of – are fascinated by the current quarrels of Fleet Street and their meaning in terms of real British public opinion. My answer to the first question was that although if I were a foreign newspaperman I would still regard it as advisable to quote *The Times* as an indication of what the government, the Foreign Office, and the top echelons of administration and big business were thinking, and the *Guardian* as an evidence of the way intelligent, progressive opinion was moving, it seemed to me essential now to quote some of the mass papers also if the real mood of the public was not to be seriously misinterpreted. We eventually compromised after discussion on these four dailies as the best regular choice for giving a foreign reader a reasonably accurate idea of British opinion: *The Times*, the *Manchester Guardian*, the *Daily Mirror* and the *Daily Mail*.

This matter disposed of, we began to discuss whether at some stage in every country's newspaper development a paper like the *Daily Mirror* is essential and if so when the moment might be ripe for it in Israel itself. A few nights before I had been dining with a number of leading Israeli editors. All of them agreed, although with varying degrees of emphasis, that the Israeli press itself was too serious – 'too serious', added one, 'and too uncritical, not I mean in normal terms of political controversy but in terms of basic social assumptions and the general attitude towards authority'. I myself was struck by the fact that while much of the rest of the Middle Eastern press, in Cairo, for instance, or Baghdad, has a good deal of similarity with the British press in the 18th century, the Israeli press has a striking similarity to that of Britain in the second half of the 19th. It is solid, serious, rather dull, basically political and for the most part subsidised. Out of 19 morning and afternoon papers published in Hebrew only three, or at the most four, I was assured paid their way. The majority of course are party newspapers, published for a specifically political purpose and selling almost entirely to the converted. The fact that they are published in Hebrew has played a part in making new immigrants get to know the language. But the Israeli press has not had anything like the share that the American press, for instance, had in building a new nation out of people of a vast number of different backgrounds.

To a degree which seems to me bad both journalistically and nationally, the press indeed has been, and still is in the main, a tied party press not a national press. It is significant however that *Ma'ariv*, the paper with the largest circulation (something over 70,000), is the least political of all the Israeli newpapers; and that the one most generally accepted as the most influential, the morning paper *Haaretz*, is, although very much a political journal, the only morning which is independent of any party. *Ma'ariv's* success, which has been in Israeli circulation terms a sensation in the ten years since its foundation, indicated, I believe, satiation with exclusive political interests among Israeli newspaper readers. Although it is non-political, it is not by modern British and American standards sensational. It reminds me a little in fact of the early *Daily Mail*. Now, I hear, at least one group of journalists with some promise of financial backing is discussing whether the next stage in the development of Israeli journalism is not due – an independent, basically 'anti-Establishment' tabloid with a deliberately mass appeal. It will be an interesting experiment if it comes off. Historically the kind of press a country has tends, I think, to reflect even more accurately than do its political institutions the stage of its social development. It will be interesting to see how far the developing newspaper pattern of Israel follows that in older societies – and fascinating to see whether the jump from a party press to a popular mass-circulation press can be achieved in Israel without making it as difficult as in Britain for a reasonable number of intelligent middle circulation newspapers to survive and prosper.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

After Ten Years

TEN years ago the secretary of a mental hospital in Dorset was being bombarded with telephone calls from relatives of private patients. 'Of course, she can stay', he kept saying, 'everything will be just the same except that we shan't be sending you any more bills'. It was the first week of the National Health Service.

Medical care was free. Before 1948, medical bills were a serious source of anxiety for the middle classes, and the cost of professional services kept many a working-class married woman from going to the doctor. This fear has been banished from Britain. This is why the National Health Service has proved to be one of the most popular measures of the Labour government.

Within a year the new service was under attack from a section of the medical profession. General practitioners complained of excessive demands from importunate patients. In so far as the complaints were justified, the offenders were the middle classes who had been used to time consuming private practice and expected from the new service much more than panel patients had received before 1948. Possibly the doctors were complaining because subconsciously they resented the fact that their better-off patients had been prepared to join the state service at all. But the complaints expressed one of the problems of the capitation system of payment. The good customer tends to be regarded as a troublesome hypochondriac.

From this source came the first talk of 'abuse'. It was soon followed by reports of the vast demand for spectacles and dentures. There were millions of people, particularly older people, who had picked up their spectacles from the open counter of a cheap store, who had literally inherited their false teeth, or had gone for years without. They were demanding proper appliances. The demand was largely unexpected but fairly

soon satisfied. Applications had started to fall before charges were imposed in 1951, but the stereotype of an over-lavish public service remained. The Health Service became depicted in the public mind as a Santa Claus on shift work, showering the irresponsible public – particularly the working-class public and all 'foreigners' – with unneeded wigs, spectacles, dentures and medicines.

The facts about the cost of medical care need to be stated in some detail. Before the war about 3 per cent. of the national income was spent on medical care; half of the bill was paid with public money and half was paid privately. In the first full year of the Health Service about 4 per cent. of the national income was used for medical care – only 1 per cent. more than in 1938. And much of this extra 1 per cent. went on better pay and a shorter working week for people who had been notoriously underpaid and over-worked before the war, on generous settlements with the dentists, chemists and opticians, and on superannuation for all grades of staff. But while, before the war, taxation had paid for only half of the bill, after the war taxation paid for nearly all. The real financial effect of the Health Service was not to create a large increase in expenditure on medical care, but to transfer the burden of paying from the sick to the fit.

The widespread impression that money has been lavished on medical care comes largely from the fact that the original estimates were far too low. The sums done in Whitehall were elementary exercises in guessing, but they have had serious consequences. Instead of the widespread development of health services, envisaged in 1945 to fill the gaps of pre-war and war-time neglect, the proportion of the national income spent on the Health Service has been allowed to fall since the service began. This has been the general trend. With this year's cuts on the hospital service, the cost of the Health Service as a whole may well be the lowest proportion of the national income since 1948.

Despite the tight financial control, there has been progress since 1948 – particularly in the hospitals. Most of them have been repainted, the tin mugs have been replaced by railway china, and most of the wooden benches by NAAFI-type chairs. And the staff working in the hospitals has been increased by about a quarter since the first trustworthy figures were collected in 1949.

There has also been some improvement in the family-doctor services. Gradually doctors are being spread more evenly over the country. General practitioners have been coaxed and bribed to form group practices which can, though seldom do, achieve the advantages which many hoped would come from Health Centres. Though more doctors now have relations (if only financial) with other doctors, it is less common, particularly in urban areas, to find the doctor working closely with the district nurse, the health visitor, the domestic help. Indeed, it is too often the case that the four groups work in tight-lipped rivalry rather than co-operation. And there are still shocking doctors' surgeries in many parts of the country, although any increase in the total of doctors' expenses, even when incurred on private patients, is wholly met by the Exchequer. The hospitals have been getting the lions' share of the little money that has been made available, and they have made good use of it. But virtually all the old buildings are still in use. With the shortage of capital, hardly any progress has been made towards seeing that the number and location of hospitals correspond to local needs.

Throughout its 10 years, the service has been run on a 'penny wise, pound foolish' basis in four important respects. First there are vast opportunities for saving running costs by capital expenditure on new boilers, new laundries and compact, well-designed buildings. Secondly, the Treasury – like the Co-op – refuses to pay the market price for entrepreneurial ability. For senior engineers, catering officers and lay administrators, the service either exploits the sense of vocation of first-class individuals or recruits the dregs of managerial talent. Thirdly, some £700 million of public money is spent with hardly any operational research to see if it is wisely used. Fourthly, there is no money available to apply on a wide scale the cost-reducing lessons which have been learnt by local experiment.

Shortage of money is only one reason why there has been little attempt to create a national and integrated service at an adequate standard throughout the country. None of the transitory Ministers of Health has seemed to want to plan, and the ministry itself, with its long history of persuading and advising the battery of bodies that provided health services before 1948, has rejected the role of a strong policy-making body. It does not regard itself as the top management of a national corporation. Nor have the unpaid volunteers that the minister appoints to hospital boards the time or energy for strong leadership, or the knowledge that they will be trusted to take decisions or supported if they do.

The mainstay of the National Health Service is a group of able doctors and administrators (lay and professional) who have both the courage and the integrity to take their own decisions and act as their consciences direct. The service is strongly policed by sectional shop stewards and the minister, most of all, is subject to pressure from the Royal Colleges and the British Medical Association. For the most glaring problems of the service involve relations with the senior professions. What can be done about prescribing in hospital or in the doctors' surgeries? What can be done about quality control of family doctor services? What means can be used to see that *all* doctors do the work for which they are paid?

Thus the first 10 years of the National Health Service have been hampered by shortage of money and lack of leadership. This has happened at a time when there have been rapid advances in the potentialities of medical care. Each year a battery of new, expensive and effective drugs has appeared at the doctor's elbow, and surgeons, assisted by new equipment and new procedures, have been able to cut and patch parts of the living body which were not previously explored. But most dramatic of all have been the great stirrings in the mental hospitals. New treatments have led to the discharge of patients forcibly detained for more than one decade, and to the early diagnosis and cure of persons who in an earlier age might have become chronically disturbed. Increasingly there is talk of preventive services in the field of mental health. Increasingly it is recognised that physical and mental illness are often interconnected. Increasingly it is believed that more attention to the psychological aspects of physical illness as well as to symptoms of mental illness is the key to the preventive medicine of the future.

The National Health Service is slow to adapt itself to these trends in thought. The pivotal figure of the preventive services of the future as in the past, must be the family doctor. How far does the medical curriculum correspond with this role? How much *social* medicine or psychiatry is taught to the family doctor of the future?

In the 19th century, preventive medicine was concerned primarily with infectious diseases. One solution lay in early admission to an isolation hospital. Now that tuberculosis is on the way out and polio may soon be under control, the preventive medicine of tomorrow may centre on keeping the patient at home with extensive use of hospital facilities during the day. From this it follows that the main failing of the National Health Service has been the inadequate development of the domiciliary services controlled by local authorities. The fact that the field where bold expansion and experiment are most needed is that over which the minister has least control may turn out in the end to be the major defect of the National Health Service.

There can be no doubt that the patient has had much better care since the Health Service. There is abundant evidence of this. But this is not the only criterion for judging the success of a national service. Is the service responsive to the wishes of the consumer? Does it even know what the consumer wants? Does the consumer feel he is encouraged to complain and make suggestions? In general the answer to these questions is in the negative, and this is perhaps the failing of the service which should cause Socialists the greatest concern.

'I am waiting for Godot,' a middle-class housewife told me, sitting between her two children in an out-patient department, 'and so far I have only met his starchy angels. Why can't Godot wait for me for a change?'

BRIAN ABEL-SMITH

London Diary

THE Sandys-Service fracas, now 18 months old, is coming to a head. Decision is with the Prime Minister. Sandys, I suspect, will get most of his way not only because he is a patient, resolute and efficient fellow, but because the concept of modern war, which is swift suicide and universal destruction, requires an absolute centre of command. There have been two reasons for delay in completing the Sandys plan. The first is that it involves appointing a 'Supremo', that is, a head of combined operations who works with the Defence Minister and to whom the heads of Service Departments are responsible. This reduces their status and withdraws from them the right of argument about policy and appealing to the Prime Minister. The vested interests of all three Services are imperilled. The second reason is that the senior Service chief today is Lord Mountbatten, uniquely experienced in combined operations and a man so indubitably able and imaginative that he is naturally the target of implacable animosity.

* * *

The Beaverbrook Press has wound itself in comic knots in trying simultaneously to get scoops and to do down Mountbatten. It has had its knife into him and Lady Mountbatten ever since Noel Coward's film *In Which We Serve*, for which Lord Mountbatten gave him facilities. It showed the *Daily Express*, with its 1939 'no war' slogans, going down the drain in a rush of dirty water. Mountbatten's achievement in India increased Beaverbrook's enmity and for years every opportunity, short of libel, has been used to smear Lord and Lady Mountbatten. Randolph Churchill, writing for Beaverbrook's *Evening Standard*, shares this animosity. In a well-informed article last Monday he emphasised Mountbatten's outstanding qualifications as 'Supremo' and then, having thus tried to suggest lack of prejudice, inserted a little poison about Mountbatten as a Socialist and Lady Mountbatten as a crypto Communist. A smart example

of smear technique. Leaping in triumph at the apparent success of its long-sustained campaign, the *Daily Express* on 5 July gave a front-page splash to an article by Chapman Pincher which began 'Earl Mountbatten, the First Sea Lord, will *not* be the first Services Supremo . . . '. It announced the appointment of Sir William Dickson as chairman of the Chiefs of Staffs Committee 'who is likely to hold it for up to a year instead of retiring as expected'. It said that Mountbatten's appointment has been delayed because he was unpopular with the Tory Party who think he is too closely identified with Socialism. On 7 July it admitted that in spite of Chapman Pincher, Mr Sandys was determined to give Lord Mountbatten 'the post he seeks in due course'. On 8 July Chapman Pincher made a last despairing effort. Mountbatten, he said, was 'a man whose reputation is based more on glamour than on proved ability', but that he might get the job 'if only because of his seniority'. Many politicians, on the other hand, think that 'the Supremo should be free from close association with party politics'. He did not explain in what way Mountbatten has ever been associated with party politics. I can trace none – at any rate since he was a rather virulent and adolescent Conservative undergraduate at Cambridge.

* * *

Labour leaders will no doubt give a deep sigh of relief if this Service quarrel is cleared up before they come into office. But in fact the danger is that decisions will have been made which make their position altogether impossible. Sandys started off by suggesting that we needed practically no defence except the 'great deterrent'. If, as now seems probable, he has to modify this plan to include a huge expenditure also on a conventional army, then a Labour Government will find itself saddled with commitments that rule out any kind of welfare programme. A few Labour, as well as one or two Tory, MPs, understand the dilemma. If we only have nuclear weapons which we daren't use, we can't fight what is known as a small war. If we have both H-bombs and conventional weapons, we are sunk. Worse still, if we keep the H-bomb we cannot even begin to argue with the French and other powers against their also having nuclear weapons, thus ending all hopes of disarmament.

* * *

I see that Hans Werner Richter, who was to have presided at the nuclear disarmament conference which the Swiss government banned, is coming to London this weekend. Richter is perhaps the best-known of the 'Group 47', the leading post-war school of German novelists and, as president of the German Nuclear Disarmament Campaign, has played a role similar to J. B. Priestley's here. Next Monday, along with G. D. H. Cole, Paul Ignotus, Claude Bourdet and others, he is to speak at the 'Cry Europe' meeting in St Pancras Town Hall. Richter, I know, takes a serious view of the Swiss ban because it means that Britain is now the only country in Western Europe where such a conference will be tolerated by the authorities. We seem to be going back to the mid-19th century, when London was the only haven for Europe's democrats.

* * *

The Goring Hotel's refusal to allow three coloured ladies, a New York social worker, a librarian from Florida, and the wife of a New York doctor, who had booked rooms at the hotel as part of their inclusive 'See Britain' tour, seems to be a matter for the consideration of the Public Prosecutor. They were apparently refused permission because the Goring Hotel 'does not accept coloured people'. If the landlord is an innkeeper he must accept people who ask for accommodation especially if they have booked and paid for it. Leary Constantine's case against the Imperial Hotel in 1944 confirmed what Mr Justice Coleridge said in 1835: 'An innkeeper is not to select his guests. He has no right to say to one "you shall come into my inn" and to another "you shall not", as everyone coming and conducting himself in a proper manner has a right to be received. And for this purpose innkeepers are a sort of public servant. . . .'

* * *

I see that David Stirling of the Capricorn Africa Society has been complaining that 'more liberal legislation' in Southern Rhodesia has not been improving race relations. The reason he gave to the Inter-Racial Association in Salisbury a few days ago was that Africans look increasingly to Congress and regard any concessions as victories extorted by it. And so racial divisions deepen with every advance. So his Society means to provide the missing factor of 'patriotism' to bind the races together. I am all for this binding together and support his idea of starting Colleges of Rhodesian Citizenship at which members of all races could meet to study and develop a sense of 'common nationhood'. But I notice that the first of these colleges, which is to be started at Salisbury, is to be built on mission land eight miles outside the town. It will thus delicately avoid challenging the Urban Areas Act under which Salisbury is scheduled as an exclusively 'white' area. I fear Africans will not miss the irony of a situation in which, if Mr Stirling had wanted to build his college of 'Rhodesian Citizenship' inside the city, he would have had to get special exemption from the segregation laws. Surely the best way for progressive Europeans to 'bind the races together' would have been to take their courses on common nationhood into the heart of the 'white' areas.

* * *

'We have to take your finger-prints for the purposes of elimination,' said the inspector. 'What do you do with them afterwards?' I asked, 'put them in the rogues' gallery?' 'No, we return them to you. You can destroy them or frame them as you like'. It was a very small burglary, and I was impressed with the thoroughness of the police, who were not at all like the detectives in any of the who-dun-its I know. They were neither dull-witted cops who talked about 'effecting an entry', nor were they geniuses who sat down and, with the help of the grey cells, divined that my drawers had been ransacked by an apparently respectable next-door neighbour with a secret desire to steal the copyright of Critic's diary. They were helpful and intelligent. 'The only thing,' I said, 'which has been smashed is the one thing in the house that was locked.' I recalled the occasion of a former burglary when a mahogany bureau was gravely damaged because I had locked it. 'Yes,' said the inspector, 'we don't know what advice to give. If we tell them to lock everything up, including the inside doors, a mere sneak-thief is likely to give up and go away. But a more determined kind of burglar will merely do five times as much damage as he would have done if everything was open.' My own answer is that it is better to have nothing worth stealing. Hang your own paintings on the walls and nobody will take them. Avoid valuable silver – it's too much trouble to keep it clean anyway. Don't possess jewellery or leave money about, and then if the burglars take your clothes it is quite pleasant to get a new outfit from the insurance company.

CRITIC

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

A thousand railwaymen at Eastleigh, Southampton, carriage works of British Railways stopped work for two hours yesterday because they may no longer be able to have their hair cut by railway employees, in railway time, and on railway premises. – *The Times.* (M. Robinson.)

Blue-eyed blonde, Rosemary Squires, sings Mae West's old number 'My Old Flame' on TV tonight in the 'The Sunday Break' – the teenage religious programme. – *Reynolds News.* (W. S. Overy.)

An exhibition to recruit blood donors, for display at cinemas showing the horror-film Dracula, has been withdrawn.

The plan brought complaints from regular donors, who thought that blood transfusion being linked to one of the most famous vampire films was in bad taste. – *News Chronicle.* (S. Hawkins.)

The cleaners at the Alhambra, Glasgow, asked manager Jack Stuart after the show if they could buy the buckets they'd used to scrub the theatre before the Queen arrived. They got their souvenirs – for nothing. – *Scottish Sunday Express.* (Wm. P. Lavin.)

Xenelasia

Commander Fox-Pitt, secretary of the Anti-Slavery Society and a former provincial commissioner in Northern Rhodesia, has been refused admission by the federal government of Rhodesia and Nyasaland.

In Salisbury did Huggins Khan
  A Settlers' Paradise decree
With Racial Partnership, which ran
In phrases meaningless to man
  And spelt Supremacee.
So vast estates of fertile ground
(Which Rhodes and Co. had girded round)
And helot labour and Draconian laws
Were saved by glossolalia, because
Of 'Partnership' in Perpetuitee.

And while this Federation still was teething
(As if Sir Roy in fast, thick pants were breathing)
Five years meandering with a mazy motion,
They forged an epidermal, ethnic plan
To do a Smuts, then switch to a Malan. . . .
(The Hotel Goring shared this charming notion,
Though stuffed with bishops – aping from afar
Ancestral prophets of the Colour Bar)

A damsel known as Rosalynde
  Recently was in the news –
It seems that she was naughtily
Reporting for a Quaughtily
  Of liberal, progressive views. . . .
They feared she'd see beneath the dressing,
Like Davidson and Doris Lessing,
And so Miss Ainslie, too, was hated
  And all of them defenestrated.
Then came an even greater impropriety:
Good God! The Anti-Slavery Society!
  Close the frontiers and beware!
  Anti-slaves we cannot bear!
  Make a mighty ju-ju curse –
    Bad enough the others were:
    He's an ex-Commissioner,
  Which is infinitely worse. . . .

REGINALD REYNOLDS

An Appeal from Malta

In March 1955, Malta's newly elected Labour government set out with unusual determination to achieve two objectives. At home, the administrative reforms for a social programme aiming at a highly pruned and modest version of Britain's welfare state. Abroad, intensive negotiations at all levels for a new political and economic status. In the political field the new idea of closer union with Britain implied Maltese representation at Westminster and the breaking of one of the Englishman's most cherished traditions. In the economic field integration meant a financial agreement with Britain involving contributions sufficient to ensure the gradual but steady march of the Maltese people towards standards of life equivalent with those obtaining in the United Kingdom.

As many as 14 Maltese delegations battled with cautious officialdom in easy-going Whitehall. Many a time rock-bottom frustration was reached, but as often the British Labour Party brought the negotiators together again by some suitable half-way compromise. The end of the laborious talks was in sight and agreement on most of the essential points had been reached when Sandys announced his long-term plan for the progressive cuts in naval and other defence expenditure. The fate of the Malta Dockyard, the only mainstay of the Maltese economy, was in the balance, and with it the future of Anglo-Maltese relations. In vain the Maltese government tried to talk Lennox-Boyd and the British Treasury into additional capital investment programmes with a view to providing alternative employment to the thousands of workers due to become redundant after 1960. On the contrary, the British contribution to Maltese funds (previously negotiated on the basis of payment for the strategic facilities Britain was extracting from Malta) was peremptorily and unilaterally reduced by Macmillan. There was no escape from Thorneycroft's Procrustean bed and £1 million was slashed regardless of sufferings and logic.

On 24 April 1958, Sir Robert Laycock, Governor of Malta, unconstitutionally took over the control of the Malta Police Force and on the same day the Maltese Labour ministers resigned from office. Whereupon Laycock appointed himself supreme dictator. On 28 April, a general strike was called. By three o'clock in the afternoon the workers spontaneously drove out the police and commandos from working-class towns and villages and burned down police stations. The workers' reaction was so sudden and so vehement that all life on the island was paralysed and the forces under the command of General Laycock were completely taken by surprise.

On 1 May 1958, the General Workers' Union and the Malta Labour Party at a private meeting at the Stadium advised their members to desist from violence. The General had promised free elections as soon as law and order were restored and Labour supporters were asked to test his good faith. On 2 May, Laycock supplemented his proclamations banning political broadcasts, demonstrations and public meetings by a wave of arrests of prominent labourites who had taken an active part in the general strike. To date their numbers have reached over a hundred and most of them are already serving sentences as common criminals. The sentences vary from 10 days to six months. Among the convicts there are three high officials of the General Workers' Union, the former Minister of Health, Dr Hyzler, and the former Minister of Education, Miss Barbara. The charge was intimidation whilst picketing. The General could not resist the temptation to make a show of force.

Soon after assuming absolute power, be it said to his credit, General Laycock divulged his programme. In Malta his officials were to follow closely in the footsteps of the previous Labour administration. In London he decided to press Lennox-Boyd and Macmillan for a sensible solution to the dockyard problem. On the one hand, therefore, the Malta Labour Party are being persecuted for the affrontery of challenging Britain's might. On the other hand, their political stand is openly vindicated by the speed and frankness with which the Colonial Office's foremost observer on the spot refuses to accept the dictates of Whitehall and hurries to London to plead for justice and fair play.

What the net gain of all this confusion and bad blood has been to the British Conservative government not one of my people can fathom out. The most charitable interpretation I have heard is that the 1922 Committee had gradually developed cold feet over the implications of integration. Finding it too undignified to swallow their own panegyrics in Hansard they pulled tight the financial purse, forced the Maltese workers into the anti-British camp, and temporarily saved face.

Whatever may be the motive, if indeed there is any, it would be the height of folly to plan the future on the assumption that integration can be forced down the throat of either the Maltese or British people, even though most of us still believe it to be the best solution for both countries. The wounds inflicted recently by either side must be allowed to heal before the former atmosphere can be restored.

It is a grave mistake to dub the Maltese Labour movement as pro-British on odd days and anti-British on even days of the calendar. It is neither. Since time immemorial Malta has been ruled by some power or another. In this respect she shared the fate of nearby Libya. The rule of the foreigner was fatalistically accepted as a natural phenomenon by a people who have no strong ethical links with the adjacent mainlands. In the past, therefore, Maltese politics thrived on speculations as to what new power was likely to become the strongest; crafty Maltese politicians always succeeded in hitching their wagons to new rising stars. If the game today were being played according to the old rules our eyes would be riveted either on the US or on Soviet Russia. Strange as it may seem, we are doing nothing of the sort. We refuse to be anything else but pro-Maltese.

Of course we have to combine our starry-eyed idealism with the mundane but very urgent necessity of providing a dignified and civilised livelihood to one-third of a million souls stranded on a barren rock. We can turn this rock into a hive of industry if we contrive to attract the capital investments we require to transform our defence economy into a peace economy. The experience of the past three years, the most virile and fruitful in Malta's long history, has shown to the world that, given the means, our people have the will and the ability to achieve their own salvation. Other nations, including Britain, have managed to absorb foreign economic and military aid during the period of transition from war to peace without losing altogether their independence and self-respect. In a world freshly decorated by charters of human rights and comforted by international social and economic organisations we believe we also stand an even chance.

In this reappraisal of the new situation enmity with Britain is not unavoidable. When the present personal animosities and recriminations have died down Britain is bound to discover how futile it is to stay in Malta against the will of the Maltese people. It will also dawn upon Malta how absurd it is to expect Britain to accept partnership against her wishes. It would also be suicidal to deny Britain whatever reduced strategic facilities she might still require for her security and the safety of her allies if Britain and the West follow the pattern they have established in Libya and return the compliment in the economic field.

In the crazy pattern of Anglo-Maltese relations two main lines stand out in bold relief. In spite of Britain's denigration of the strategic importance of Malta, the long term obligations she has undertaken with her allies in Nato make the continued use of our island as a base essential for some time to come. The neutralisation of the Libyan base during the Suez war, the troubles in Cyprus, the impending obliteration of Bizerta and the ominous rumblings of the Arab march to unity and freedom are bound to make Malta occupy a little more space in the shield of Nato's armour. This new historical accident can be turned into a blessing or a curse.

It will be a curse if, as in the past, Malta is merely considered as an unsinkable aircraft carrier and not the home of a small but brave people with the same ideals and aspirations as the rest of the Christian world. In the present ugly mood such a treatment would drive the impatient Maltese workers into the welcoming arms of Russia. To a people enraged and in despair the fire might appear less cruel than the frying pan. But it will be a blessing in disguise if, concurrently with the huge military expenditure of the West (£5 million on one obscure underground oil storage scheme alone), funds were supplied to Malta for her economic rehabilitation. Moreover, as in Cyprus, man in Malta does not live by bread alone. Bread without freedom is like life without oxygen, a world without the sun.

Above all it is important for our Labour friends in Britain to put themselves in our shoes and forget the old clichés. To strive to live in freedom when one is poor and hungry may be described as saintly madness but certainly not as a shibboleth, unless Englishmen have been free for so long as to have forgotten completely the bitter burden of the enslaved. The British Labour Party would be rendering a greater service to Malta and their own country if they made possible the realisation of conditions in which Malta and Britain can freely choose either to live together in equal partnership or survive alongside one another in friendly independence.

For this to happen the artificial emergency manufactured by the Colonial Office must first be brought to an end. Secondly, if it is agreed to continue the use of our island as a fortress, the economic agreement negotiated between the two governments in mid-1957, before the dockyard issue bedevilled the atmosphere, should now be honoured by Britain. Lennox-Boyd on behalf of the people of Britain had solemnly agreed to remove all political strings and make the realisation of this economic pact independent of the outcome of integration. A similar undertaking was given with regard to the primary clauses of the new constitution, with the exception of representation at Westminster.

The publication and enactment of this new constitution (less representation at Westminster)

the things they say!

Germany? Didn't know we exported chemicals there.

Indeed we do — and to America and Arabia, Spain and Siam.
In fact, to almost every country in the world.

But, surely, other industrial countries have their own chemical industries?

So they have, yet they still buy chemicals from us.

Why is that?

Often because it would cost them more to make the chemicals themselves.
Also because they need many of the new, specialised chemical products that Britain, with her chemical knowledge and experience, has been able to develop.

Good for us!

Very good for us — *and* for our balance of payments. Last year the British chemical industry sold about £265 million worth of its products abroad. That would be far more than enough to pay for all our imports of wool.

Well, that seems a fair exchange. Soda ash for sheepskins, eh?

And not only soda ash, but synthetic fibres, drugs and dyestuffs, paints and plastics.

Sounds impressive!

It certainly is. Chemicals are the third largest of Britain's exporting industries, and I.C.I. the biggest exporter among Britain's chemical companies.

ICI

should go a long way to restore the confidence of the Maltese people in Britain's goodwill. With it, the diarchy will disappear, Orders in Council will be subjected to rigid control by the House of Commons, the sphere of internal affairs will be left entirely to the Maltese people and the Maltese government will be given more elbow room in external economic matters.

Nothing but pique and a false sense of pride is withholding the enactment of these new measures, which together with the solution of the dockyard problem form the only logical basis for a transition period. What happens afterwards will be dictated by world events in the next two years and the outcome of a general election in Britain. One thing is certain: putting the clock back risks a repetition of the Cyprus tragedy in this sunny island and makes possible the defeat of the Maltese Labour movement from within by patriotic extremist organisations eager to fight oppression by terror.

DOM MINTOFF

A Further Deterrent

Commonsense About Torture is the title of a pamphlet issued by the Society for Practical Thinking, which is timely at a moment when the prominence of General Massu, and the publication of M. Alleg's book *The Question*, have combined to produce considerable, and often critical, discussion of torture as an instrument of policy.

The anonymous authors of the pamphlet readily admit that the subject is one which could well be left to the experts. They point out, however, that many of those best qualified to speak are professionally engaged in torture, and their lips are sealed by the Official Secrets Act or its equivalent in various countries. Thus ill-informed or malicious critics have been emboldened to conduct their propaganda in an atmosphere of emotionalism in which hard facts are forgotten or conveniently neglected.

It is on the face of it absurd that the opinions of M. Alleg should weigh in the balance against those of General Massu. General Massu is an accepted authority. He did not reach his conclusions lightly. As *The Times* Special Correspondent in Algiers has reported, he was at one time 'profoundly disturbed at heart' by the necessity for torture. It was only after he had 'consulted the Church authorities' that he 'finally decided that it was his duty as a Christian and a soldier to go on with the work'.

His hesitations are in no way discreditable to General Massu. As this pamphlet rightly points out, in 1945 quite a number of scientists and statesmen were disturbed at the prospect of dropping the first atomic bomb on Hiroshima. They did not immediately see that it was their Christian duty to do so. By hindsight it is all too easy to sneer at these doubts and hesitations, having as we do the advantage of knowing for a certainty that had the bomb not been dropped large numbers of Americans as well as Japanese would have been killed, not to mention the possibility that the Russians would have gained a foothold in Japan – a far worse disaster than the explosion of the bomb.

M. Alleg's testimony, on the other hand, falls into quite a different category. True, his evidence is first-hand but it is not unprejudiced. No man who has been tortured by, for example, the application of electrodes to his sexual organs can claim to be impartial. He admits that he was upset by the illusion of hearing his wife's voice among the screams of agony audible from other parts of the up-to-date installation at El Biar. Furthermore, it is known that he has Communist affiliations. Getting themselves tortured is a well-known trick of Communist propagandists.

The Society for Practical Thinking has done good service by listing a number of the more vociferous critics, and showing that in many cases these same people were mouthing the same tired old *clichés* when the question of torture – or 'the hard slap' as an American expert has suggested it be termed – was under review in relation to Kenya and Cyprus. Characteristically, the critics blandly ignored the evidence of men on the spot in, for example, Kenya who patiently maintained that the torturing of Mau Mau suspects was of very real value to the police and the military, and that these would have 'got results' even more speedily had they not been hampered by uneducated public opinion at home.

In any case there is no question that good results were obtained, and the critics are thus in the position of those who, when myxomatosis was first introduced a few years ago, questioned the morality of subjecting millions of rabbits to a slow and agonising death. How ill-founded such objections were has since been demonstrated by figures showing that myxomatosis saved our farmers hundreds of thousands of pounds. We may be fairly sure, too, that there are very few rabbits in Russia.

The pamphlet under review rightly emphasises that those who rush on to public platforms with their ill-considered denunciations of torture constantly ignore two salient facts: first, that torture is essentially a deterrent, and secondly that it is comparatively cheap, and thus a boon to those who cannot afford to maintain other types of disciplinary establishment. The deterrent effects of torture are well attested by history. To take but one example, the mere existence of the Inquisition unquestionably deterred many Spaniards from expressing heretical opinions which they might otherwise have voiced. The knowledge that those in authority had the means, and the firm resolve, to administer the 'hard slap' of rack and thumbscrew if occasion warranted, was of inestimable importance in the preservation of civic peace. *Mutatis*, as one may truly say, *mutandis*, a wholesome awareness that police and prison warders in Belfast regularly carry out tests of their own efficiency in third degree methods, has done much to convince discontented Roman Catholics and others in the north of Ireland that opposition simply does not pay. In other words, provided a sturdy determination to torture, if necessary, is seen to exist, torture itself need scarcely be used – only, indeed, in cases where the other side fails to act quickly enough in conformity with our interests.

As for the budgetary aspect of the matter to which the pamphlet draws attention, one has only to realise that the cost of *fuel alone* for a squadron of planes sent to machine-gun and bomb and average-sized Arab village, is *more than 200 times* that of providing a squad of fully skilled torturers for a 48-hour, round-the-clock, operation on a score of suspected subversives. Nor is expensive electrical apparatus of the most modern kind absolutely necessary. In a 'Do it yourself' age many are discovering for themselves how much can be done with a box of matches, a strong pincer, and the homely rubber truncheon.

The authors of this pamphlet have no difficulty in demolishing the specious arguments of those who claim that torture has a 'demoralising' effect upon torturers and, where these are admitted, spectators. The same 'argument', it will be recalled, was freely employed in the first half of the last century by the advocates of legislation against cruelty to animals. Realising that the genuine pro-animal vote was negligible, they concentrated on a suggestion that bear-baiting and torturing of animals in general had the effect of rousing undesirable emotions in human beings. It was by such methods that various prohibitions against cruelty to animals were smuggled on to the statute book. Observing the irresponsible delinquency of many modern dogs, some old-fashioned people may feel that a touch of the pre-RSPCA treatment would be beneficial. Many dogs, too, who held their heads a little higher at the news that the police were starting to use dogs to terrorise and, if necessary, lacerate anti-government demonstrators in Downing Street some time ago, became frustrated and 'lost' when it was announced that the Home Secretary, under public pressure, had closed this career to dogs.

The authors also quote the opinion of a professor of Applied Sexology in Kinsey University, emphasising that sadistic excitement is just another reflex, and should be treated on a par with all other emotions. Finally it is noted that those who complain of torture on the ground of what they are pleased to call 'participant degradation' seem to view the matter in a singularly undemocratic light. In this respect indeed we may be held to have fallen below the standards of earlier generations. Tens of thousands of Roman citizens communally enjoyed the spectacle of undesirable elements being dealt with by wild beasts in the Colosseum. There was no equivalent of the X-certificate in those days. Similarly in England the public burnings, now of Catholics, now of Protestants, did much to make religion *real* to the general public, and we do not hear parsons of the period complaining of empty pews in their churches.

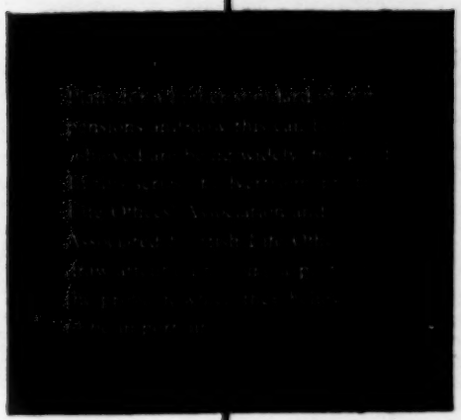
Summing up a case which must appear unanswerable to all thinking people, the pamphlet emphasises the central truth that whenever it is considered desirable to obtain information which the other side – the 'bad people' as they are aptly called – are unwilling to impart, torture is *almost always* the quickest way to get it. Torture is often the only argument such people understand. People who, however sincerely, advocate the unilateral abandonment of torture as an instrument of policy, in the hope that a 'moral gesture' of this kind will in itself have beneficial effects, simply do not understand the psychology of the bad people. The bad regard all such concessions as a sign of weakness.

In a useful footnote, the authors deal with the unfortunate confusion of mind caused by the rapid development of modern so-called 'unconventional' torture methods. Many people who take justifiable pride in their ancestors' prowess with the thumbscrew, find themselves unaccountably perturbed by accounts of the newer tortures which modern science has made available. They are the sort of people who worry about the effects of radioactive fall-out. Essentially, of course, there is no difference between these newer tortures and the old-fashioned hack and stamp with the hobnailed boot on tender parts of the body. Just as, in default of the H-bomb and similar weapons, people will fight with bows and arrows, so, deprived of electrodes, dentists' drills and similar apparatus, good men will fall back on twisting bad men's arms until they scream. We must never forget that you cannot change human nature.

CLAUD COCKBURN

PENSION POINTS: 4

The Pensions Problem: a summing up



1 The state pension scheme should be confined to meeting basic needs. Consequently, if some grading of pensions by earnings—with graded contributions—is thought to be desirable, the graded pension element must be kept small.

Basic need is with us now and is not something that grows over 40 to 50 years. Any scheme to cover basic needs should therefore mature quickly—benefits emerging quickly. This means pay-as-you-go financing on traditional National Insurance lines, pensions being largely met out of current contributions.

2 The rights of those already covered by occupational pension schemes need careful consideration. Any extension of the state scheme might have serious and far-reaching effects.

Even if suitable schemes were allowed to operate as alternatives to any graded extension of the state scheme, financial and administrative difficulties would in many cases make this unworkable. An over-ambitious state scheme would prejudice existing schemes by adding to inflationary pressure and thus reducing the real value of benefits.

3 Simple arrangements should be made to facilitate the extension of occupational pension schemes to those in small firms. The particular problem of the 'casual' and 'mobile' workers needs investigation.

Certain extensions of the provisions of the Finance Act 1956 would make it much easier to arrange pension schemes for the employees of small firms quickly and effectively. The special problem of 'casual' and 'mobile' workers calls for investigation by Government to determine whether special arrangements—on a voluntary basis—are needed to help them supplement their state pensions.

There are now some 9,000,000 people in occupational pension schemes and the annual addition to net savings amounts to over £300 million. The full development of such schemes is in the best interests of the national economy.

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The Arts and Entertainment

Parisian Jazz

ARTISTICALLY jazz, like *haute couture*, is a rather de-nationalised product. To the casual listener a 'New Orleans' band sounds much the same whether composed of Scotsmen or Japanese, a 'cool' quartet, whether composed of Singhalese or Swedes, which is natural enough since all are essentially imitating Americans. (The only local school of jazz which appears to behave with real stylistic autonomy is that of the *jive bands* in the Johannesburg slums.) Musically, therefore, the British jazz-lover who visits Paris crosses no frontiers. The 'traditional' jazz to be heard there is mostly worse than ours, the middle period and modern jazz rather better – thanks to the constant presence of expatriate American musicians of top rank – but otherwise there are few surprises. Mr Kenny Clarke, the drummer, holds together a variety of modern combinations at the *Club Saint Germain*, as he did in New York (including a startlingly good French pianist, Martial Solal). Michel Hausser, Henri Renaud and their partners at the *Chat Qui Pèche* sound like the Modern Jazz Quartet, only not so good, because they are an imitation Modern Jazz Quartet. M. Guy Laffitte, as good a tenor-player as any in Europe, audibly echoes the Parisian expatriate Don Byas. As for the airy swinging trumpet of the veteran Bill Coleman and the blues-playing Mezz Mezzrow, who hold up the *Trois Mailletz*, they belong to Paris only because they live there, and owe most of their international reputation to the championship of French critics in the 1930s.

Socially, on the other hand, nothing could be more strikingly different from the jazz world of London than that of Paris. Though jazz has penetrated a long way into the zone of the certified and OK British intellectuals, the characteristic jazz fan here is still an adolescent electrician or apprentice tool-maker, a draughtsman or lab technician, a compositor, bank-clerk or junior technologist. If H. G. Wells were young today, he would almost certainly belong to some jazz club, and it is not without relevance that science fiction has been an extra-curricular interest of British jazzmen since before the war.

Not so in France, where jazz is almost exclusively an annexe of Left Bank intellectualism, and the sale of records dips sharply and regularly every June during the examination season, when the *lycéens* and students have other things to think about. There it has long been strictly OK. Jean Cocteau and Max Jacob patronised the review *Le Jazz Hot* in its early days, Sartre's *Les Temps Modernes* has long opened its columns to André Hodeir and Lucien Malson – needless to say, a *professeur de philosophie* – and at least one able professional bass-player began his musical life as a graduate sociologist. When a group of avantgardists wish to make a documentary film about the *Palais Idéal* of the postman Cheval – a backyard Xanadu constructed by a Provençal Douanier Rousseau with Blakeian leanings, which has long been a hobby of the ex-surrealists – they naturally add a modern jazz sound-track. A very good one too, by André Hodeir. Except when they are tourists, the French jazz audiences look as though they have been rounded up from the terraces of the Quartier. Except when they are coloured Americans, French jazz players look like the intellectuals they are; that is to say either like the young Clemenceau or (allowing for glasses and the absence of the tonsure) like the young Abelard in a blue cardigan.

The Parisian jazz world has a few remote outliers on the right bank, survivals of its origins around Montmartre, but fundamentally it exists between the river and St Sulpice. Virtually all the jazz worth listening to is to be found between the *Club Saint Germain* (neatly placed ten yards from both the *Flore* and *Deux Magots* cafés) and the *Trois Mailletz* in the Rue Galande, where the intellectuals border on the North Africans. If jazz were not played in cellars one might well go from one to the other within earshot of some drummer or other: via the *Tabou* (Rue Dauphine) where players go after hours, flanked by posters advertising German abstract art, the *Cameléon* (Rue St André des Arts), and the Rue de la Huchette, which has come a long way since Elliott Paul's *A Narrow Street*, for it now contains both the headquarters of M. Ionesco's drama and the heaviest concentration of jazz clubs in the city, including the *Chat Qui Pèche* and Maxim Saury's *Caveau de la Huchette*, the liveliest of the dying tribe of 'New Orleans' cellars. Explorers may tackle the *Cigale* (Bd Rochechouart), a street café where African musicians honk it out with more noise than finesse, visiting players drop in at the *Mars* (Rue Robert-Estienne) for news of what goes on, but at bottom it is all on the Left Bank.

It is a narrow, economically untenable world, which has ceased to expand: three years ago the French radio abandoned its annual amateur jazz contests. The provinces and the working classes have not yet come to its rescue, and in so far as they have turned to jazz, it is to the New Orleans music of Sidney Bechet, who gives 250 provincial concerts a year in a style despised by the Parisian avantgarde. The clubs charge excessive prices and are fast being replaced by *discothèque* joints without live musicians; the musicians, unless (American) stars, compete for casual work at 3-5,000 francs a night and may have to play for 1,500. No doubt the present depression – which local observers put down to politics, though it also affects Britain, which has no Algerian colonels – makes matters worse, but not much. Parisian jazz therefore retreats into marginal professionalism: occasional concerts, and film scores, which have lately multiplied, thanks to the commercial success of Vadim's film with John Lewis's score, and Louis Malle's *Ascenseur à l'Echafaud* with Miles Davis. The most ambitious experimental jazz orchestra, André Hodeir's *Jazz Groupe de Paris* (2 trumpets, trombone, 3 saxes, vibes, bass, drums) has failed to establish itself commercially and remains a spare-time group whose members earn their living elsewhere.

In fact, like Parisian dressmaking, Parisian avantgarde jazz is a minority taste which must depend either on those who can pay a luxury price for it or on the export trade. But the French jazz public is not rich, even though its parents sometimes are, and the only real export market is for the excellent books of French jazz critics and theorists: it is surprising how few French jazz records are released in this country. There remains the tourist trade, a natural sucker for cellar clip-joints, on which the jazz clubs can continue to rely, at least until the visitors begin to demand girls and floorshows. And yet: while French jazz maintains its intense intellectual liveliness and Paris its attraction for American musicians, somehow or other the horns will continue to blow in whatever is the most advanced style of the times.

The critic returns to the duller but more flourishing jazz world of England, where the Soho Fair provides cheap undenominational music nightly by Messrs. Ganley, Bruce Turner, Harriott, Alex Welsh, Tommy Whittle *et. al.* and Lord Montagu prepares to welcome one and all to the ambitious *Beaulieu Jazz Festival* (August 1-2) in admirable and un-Parisian surroundings. Meanwhile even the squarest of citizens, who remains impervious to the astonishing artistry of *Art Tatum* (Columbia 22CX 10115) or the great Carlos Montoya's guitar on *Flamenco Fire* (HMV CLP 1177) will, I trust, buy Topic's *Paul Robeson Transatlantic Concert*, while awaiting the arrival in this country of this noble, unforgotten, ex-victim of chicanery.

FRANCIS NEWTON

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Full Understanding

THE current production of *The Mastersingers* is as strong an argument as the post-war company has yet put up for the policy of opera in English. In Reginald Goodall we have a conductor who plainly knows and loves both score and text, and is determined so to handle the music that the words can be heard – an aim in which he is helped by the very high level of articulation throughout the cast. The result, more especially in the earlier scenes of all three acts, is an immediacy and completeness of pleasure rarely felt in the large spaces of Covent Garden, though more often at Sadler's Wells. How could anyone, we felt, have ever thought David's exposition of the rules to be dull, as we watched chubby little

Dermot Troy reeling them off to the stalwart, polite but bewildered Walther of Arturo Sergi? This scene provided all sorts of mutually reinforcing pleasures. We could hear the names of the modes, and were, therefore, free to enjoy Wagner's endearing Haydn-like illustrations of each in turn. We could understand the eager interest, the growing alarm, and at last the comical exasperation of the listening Walther; and we could see too that behind the naive self-satisfaction, the teasing and the boyish pedantry of David there lay a real, and moving, German notion of art as something complicated, holy and good. All this instantaneous sympathy and knowledge, diffused through the theatre, reacted in turn on the performers, who gave of their best. The little scene was quite beautifully done by Mr Troy, one of the best English Davids I remember, and by Mr Sergi.

Not everything in the long evening reached this level. There were weaknesses among the Masters, and some incomprehensible faults in Erich Witte's generally sound production. Who could ever have expected to see our stolid *echt-deutsch* Fritz Kothner turned into a Frenchified dancing-master? Forbes Robinson sang the music well enough, but his every gesture was horribly out of keeping with the character. What madness had stripped old Pogner (Frederick Dalberg), the most weighty of all these burghers, of his beard? And why, when he mentioned the fact that God had made him 'passing rich', did some of the other Masters titter? Why is there no longer a little flight of steps in Sachs's room on which Walther can make that sudden appearance in his Festival array which draws the great cry of 'Ach!' from Eva as the summer-night music floods the orchestra with its remembered magic? Come to that, what frightful suits – both of them – this Walther was made to wear! Perhaps his true purpose in coming to Nuremberg had been to see whether Augustin Moser could not turn him out something rather better than the tailors of Franconia? Yet such small annoyances – and there were several more – could not obscure the essential rightness and soundness of this performance. Geraint Evans is a brilliant Beckmesser; Una Hale has never done anything better than her winning Eva; James Pease presents a somewhat juvenile Sachs, it is true, which does not plumb all the humanity of the part, but his voice is clear and true, and he made a particularly sympathetic listener and counsellor to Walther in Act 3. I thought Mr Sergi a most likeable Knight, democratic and friendly almost to a fault. On the first night the actual timbre of his voice, a little thin and reedy, was not quite what we dream of, but then that is nothing new in our experience of Walthers, and he certainly used his voice with skill and imagination. Despite his name, this American tenor seems to be wholly un-Italianate, and I learn with consternation from the current issue of *Opera* that he lately made his début in Wuppertal as Otello. Otello – the role which Caruso had not yet brought himself to tackle at the time of his death! Is it any wonder that so many promising young singers now have careers so sadly brief?

On the following night there was a vivid and in part a beautiful *Aida* dynamically conducted by Rafael Kubelik, in which Leontyne Price touched all hearts and delighted all ears in the title-role. This former exponent of Gershwin's Bess is a newcomer to classical opera, and has still a good deal to learn; but the gentle purity of her upper register and the fine musical feeling revealed in her whole performance earned her a deserved ovation. Beside her and the impassioned and distinguished Amneris of Regina Resnik, the crudity of Carlos Guichandut's Radames seemed the more painfully evident, but there was a disquieting, almost sadistic, note, in his reception by a section of the audience: I have heard tenors who were no better warmly applauded. John Shaw made an effective Amonasro. The horror of the sets has to be seen to be believed – only I wish it did not have to be seen quite so often.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

Theatre Round-Up

THERE will still remain by the time this appears three chances of seeing the classical performance of the Piccolo Teatro di Milano in Goldoni's *The Servant of Two Masters* at Sadler's Wells. This is the company which stole the show, theatrically speaking, at last year's Edinburgh Festival and about whom my colleague Mr Shawe-Taylor wrote so brilliantly then as to leave little to be said. Even I, who must confess to the strongest antipathy to Commedia dell'Arte and all its derivatives, was all but converted by them. But indeed there is little of that posturing and arty stylisation which we have come wrongly to associate with the term. The Piccolo Teatro are a company of superb music-hall clowns who have, in effect, perfected a series of masterly comic turns strung round this old comedy. The play itself is nothing; it is the excuse for the set pieces of which Arlecchinno, serving his two masters two different dinners in two different rooms at the same time is now the best known. Most of the comedy is predictable enough – for the performance is a kind of compendium of all

PRIZES FOR WRITERS

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the action comedy that music-hall comics have practised ever since. I don't think a chair was actually pulled away from anyone's behind just as they were going to sit down. But if not, that was the only visual joke not included. Carried out with the precision, timing, speed and style which 200 years of unbroken tradition has brought to an absolute pitch, they yet seem as fresh as when first devised.

Two new thrillers compete for out attention. *The Trial of Mary Dugan* captured the town 30 years ago and has since been trotted out on the radio and TV. Revived at the Savoy with Miss Betsy Blair as a touching defendant, it shows too many signs of its age to please the sophisticated, but is a solid enough built melodrama to grip the undemanding. *Double Cross* (at the Duchess) is a thriller with only two characters. This poses difficult technical problems which the author, John O'Hare, solves neatly. Miss Dulcie Gray is, or is not, an heiress, and her week-old husband, Mr Terence Morgan is, or is not, a successful business man. Who is failing whom is fought to the death over three acts in an isolated hunting-cabin in New Hampshire. Slight but gripping.

Finally, I must draw your attention to a season of repertory which the Royal Court are putting on during this month. Four leading repertory companies are each presenting a new play for one week. This should make an interesting conspectus of the repertory movement which celebrates its half-century this year.

T. C. WORSLEY

Opportunity Missed

How few of the grand images that brood over the history of cinema make even passable films! Babylon did once fall mightily; but Carthage and Cleopatra stand; Scott wanders in the Antarctic snows; the *Titanic* steams to meet its chill adversary – though more than one film has tried to bring about that fatal conjunction. I remember the most recent, a confection of Entanglements in the First Class, waltzes and hymn-singing: the iceberg must have been made of sugar, and Mr Clifton Webb provided the salt of dubious wit. At the time I suggested that the facts would make a far better story. Then came that memorable piece of documentary writing, Mr Walter Lord's *A Night to Remember*, which provided all, or nearly all, the material needed; and now, after an interval, its narrative has been filmed – with something added and something omitted.

The additions are trivial. Mr Kenneth More plays the part of Lightoller, the ship's second officer, and so we have to see him at home with a wife and then chatting in a railway train. But since this tells us little about him, and the rest is brave action, it might just as well have been left out. Many of the famous incidents are preserved. Old Mr and Mrs Straus, preferring to go down together; ice tinkling on the deck and snatched for souvenirs, and then the water creeping up in cabins; the Chief Baker, who owed his survival to a bottle of whisky and in the end stepped into the water; the boy who found a place in the boats with a shawl over his head; the third class and steerage kept down behind locked gates till it was almost too late, the orchestra playing on, the rockets going up, while 10 miles away the *Californian* wonders what such a ship could be doing sending up rockets. The whole action, with the people responsible and the ships concerned, has been depicted with fair accuracy; this is, more or less, what happened. Yet it doesn't thrill, it doesn't appal. The irony that should loom deadly as any iceberg, just doesn't crystallise. What has gone wrong?

On the surface, Eric Ambler's script and the direction of Roy Baker fall short of the realism such a film demands. For example, it's not enough to model your iceberg on a (supposed) original if it looks unconvincing in circumstances just off true; and such details as deck passengers ignoring the cold and the hymn coming too loud and trim over the waters kill actuality. But the fault lies deeper. Here, if anywhere, is a theme. The *Titanic* represents the end of a world, an illusion about class; as Mr Lord pointed out in his book, the high society on board focused the public attention as do film stars, Royalty, and TV personalities today. The *Titanic* showed them up: Sir Cosmo Duff Gordon and his eleven monopolised a boat meant for forty, while women and children drowned in hundreds; never again would first-class travel or first-class fanfaronade be quite the same. This, far more than a shortage of boats, is inherent in the legendary collapse of the ship that 'God himself couldn't sink'. Why did the makers of the film shrink from that phrase? For the very same reason, I believe, that they evaded the whole social theme, and so missed the irony, and padded along in the wake of conviction. If the theme had been grasped, the detail might have followed. But courage, singleness of mind, is notoriously what our film-makers lack.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

'Nightingales Awake'

I WONDER whether, twenty or thirty years hence, people will be glad to watch telerecordings of performances by today's television stars? If it is still technically convenient then to broadcast these, what would be the political and other effects of doing so, whether the performers are dead or have merely become old and fat and, perhaps, changed their views? There might indeed be a macabre satisfaction, in 1970 or 1980, in seeing a party political broadcast by Mr Macmillan or a 1958 session of *Free Speech* – just as, if TV had existed then, it would be fascinating now to see Ramsay MacDonald quizzed in 1931 by some Robin Day of the time. But the consequences of such exhumation might be so embarrassing to entertainers and politicians alike – more so even than newsreels like the famous one of Chamberlain returning from Munich – that the practice will surely be strictly controlled.

Such considerations do not inhibit sound radio to the same extent (though it would be interesting now, and awkward for the Government, if some recordings of Conservative assurances about the cost of living could be dug up from the 1951 and 1955 files). Now and then the BBC has revived an ITMA programme: there is a certain melancholy in hearing again the familiar voices and their fast, nonsensical patter, but sadness soon gives way to delight; actually to see Tommy Handley and his matchless team at work might be too poignant. Similarly, older listeners at least should find their memories stirred agreeably by a series which began on Tuesday on the Home Service, at a rather inconvenient time (11.30 a.m.): this is a series of programmes about four popular broadcasters of the past – John Hilton, A. J. Alan, C. H. Middleton, and Sir Walford Davies.

Apart from the obvious pleasures of listening to voices that once moved and entertained us (one of the pleasures being the other associations that a particular recording may awake), we can, in doing so, examine critically our own former standards of appreciation. Were the public right to rate so highly the gifts of these men? Or were they taken in by a superficial plausibility, by a mateyness which appealed the more forcibly in contrast to the generally aloof tone of the BBC voice, and by that 'trick of intimacy' which Sir Harold Nicolson once called the secret of successful broadcasting? And what will younger listeners, who did not share the agonies of unemployment in 1935 and war in 1940, make of talks potent then?

At first I thought that Hilton was not going to come well out of the test. His rich gravelly regional accent and his extreme and ingratiating tonal flexibility were almost too good to be true. His account of a talk with a friend who had asked about his social and political philosophy ('. . . I haven't anything as grand as that . . . Oh, you mean my views on the way we should live together . . .?') seemed a demagogic courting of

Campaign for NUCLEAR DISARMAMENT

PUBLIC MEETINGS

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MERVYN JONES
Dr. DUNCAN LEYS
L. H. WELLS

LEEDS

Town Hall Square — 19th July — 4.30 p.m.
BENN LEVY

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A. L. Rowse

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THE LATER CHURCHILLS

is an astonishing *tour de force* Dr. Rowse builds up the picture of a family that reflects the warmth and colour of English society over the last two hundred years and makes even these Marlboroughs live. He writes of them with gaiety and wit . . . this sparkling book is as full of humour as it is of charity and as easy to read as any novel.' J. H. PLUMB (*Sunday Times.*)

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MACMILLAN *

the defiantly lowbrow listener; and it is hard not to squirm on hearing an educated adult say 'I believe in Tom, Dick, and Harry'. Yet demagogy means a false and calculating approach: no doubt Hilton calculated his effects – he was, after all, an artist in radio speech – but, as the programme went on, it became clear that he really believed what he said, that he was a thoroughly decent human being, and that it must be admitted that, on the whole, his reputation and this revival were justified.

Flecker's dream of being read by a poet living a thousand years hence is unlikely to be realised! But a generation from now – I would even say centuries from now – listeners will surely still be moved by the recording of *The Ballad of John Axon*, a panegyric in honour of an engine-driver killed in a crash last year and awarded a posthumous GC. As with Hilton, an effect of great naturalness was achieved – here, however, by a combination of art (the folk-style narrative songs) with artlessness (the contributions by John Axon's widow and mates) and with the realism of the train-noises. If less well done, this could have been pretentious: it was saved from that by the Gilpinesque colloquialism of the narrative. ('. . . *in a Class 8 locomotive From Buxton he did go: On the road to Chapel-en-le-Frith His steam-brake pipe did blow.*') This superb piece of radio (which could not be done at all, certainly not in a similar way or with comparable impact, on television) is 'by' Ewan MacColl and Charles Parker; but one would like to give a long credit-list of all involved in it.

TOM DRIBERG

'For Adults Only', at the Strand

This revue aims quite simply to repeat the success of *For Amusement Only* and it may be judged to succeed in that. Its authors, Peter Myers and Alec Grahame, are neither subtle nor sophisticated. They set up Everyman's Aunt Sally and bash her about with more gusto than wit, but with an enthusiasm which is anyhow infectious. If you are content with the broadest effects, you will enjoy it. When they try their hands at something requiring finesse, they can miss completely; but TV or the Home and Colonial Amateur Dramatic Society (again!) are targets large enough to be well within their sights. Their ideas are better than their execution. An Elysian conversation between James Dean and Dylan Thomas is excitingly outrageous, but the conversation itself is not. Parody is one of their strongest points, and here the company serve them well. A parade of American film musicals turns up agreeable take-offs of Fred Astaire, Gene Kelly, Bing Crosby: and a devastating Disney doll. Miss Miriam Karlin, always well to the fore, provides one piece of sharply observed social satire – the new shopping woman whom the self-service store lures into flights of extravagant fantasy. She, Ron Moody and Hugh Paddick lead a good young company through this bright and breezy romp.

T. C. W.

The Chinese Classical Theatre, at the Adelphi

The polished compère remarks that it took 15 years to perfect the fantastic virtuosity of the fight with thrown javelins in 'Szechow City'. 1500 years would be nearer the mark, for juggling and tumbling with this precision are traditional Chinese art. Beauty is added to magic when the tumblers dive over and under without touching a huge flag in violent motion representing the stormy waves of the sea. Other remarkable events include the playing of a rebab (the Eastern violin) and a musician who produces unearthly music from his mouth. The final dragon act will keep the house full for its six weeks' season. Played in the dark, the vast monster with a fiery mouth pursues a glowing ball in a rhythmic dance which occupies the whole stage; only the occasional glimpse of shadowy figures shows that it is in fact manipulated like a marionette by a troupe of dark-clothed men.

K. M.

Correspondence

THE POLITICS OF DE GAULLE

SIR,—As one who attended André Malraux's press conference, I can sympathise with the reaction of Critic's Paris friend. All the left-wing journalists present—even the most moderate among them—were both disappointed and shocked by Malraux's exposition of the doctrine and political programme of de Gaulle's government. His affirmation that France is a country which cannot live without a mission and his evocation of French grandeur during the Crusades spring precisely from the false and empty nationalism which Mussolini made notorious with his 'spirit of Crusade' campaign. I have no means of knowing what Malraux said privately to Mr Edelman about the dangers of *fascisme informe*, but I do know that, far from condemning the Fascists in Algeria—even indirectly—Malraux praised their 'work of fraternisation', adding fatuously: 'After all, nobody has ever shouted *Le Pakistan anglais!*, while more Algerians shouted *Algérie française!* than there are in the FLN'.

In such a context, a few phrases about the government's resolve not to suppress political parties (they exist in China, too, let us remember), and the sending of a writers' team to investigate torture in Algeria, gave little consolation to the left. Nevertheless, Mr Edelman found them sufficient to bestow the title of 'liberal' on M. Malraux and to undertake the task of persuading the British left to support de Gaulle.

Nor, it seems, is he the only member of the British Labour Party to take this line. I thought I detected in Mr Crossman's recent article considerably more sympathy with the views of Jules Moch—the man who said 'Yes' to de Gaulle—than with Mendès-France, the man who said 'No'. He also seems to have accepted, without question, Moch's version of the events which led to de Gaulle's assumption of power. I would like to point out to your readers that Moch's 'facts' can be, and have been, seriously disputed, and that the conclusions he drew from them cannot be endorsed by anyone who professes to believe in Socialist principles. Moch stated, for instance, that the CP was unable, and may have been unwilling, to mobilise its militants against de Gaulle. It is not my job to defend the CP, but it is perfectly obvious that Duclos refrained from throwing his troops into the battle for fear of stampeding the Socialists, Radicals and MRP into the arms of the Right and giving the Algerian colonels the traditional excuse for violent action—the danger of a Communist *coup*. The initiative could come only from the Socialist Party and the legally constituted republican government; neither, alas, took it. When Mendès-France explained this to Crossman, it was not because he was suffering from 'personal frustration', but because he understood the realities of the situation at least as well as Moch.

Even if the chances of defeating the paratroops in open combat were slender, did this justify legalising de Gaulle's bid for power? I don't think so, for if I did I should also have to endorse the action of the Socialist deputies who in 1940 voted for Pétain, and condemn the courageous few who refused. True, de Gaulle and the 'College of Colonels' in Algiers are not yet the same thing. But, in refusing to condemn them—indeed, in attempting to do a deal with them—is not de Gaulle preparing the way for a military dictatorship? It is essential that all republican elements in France be mobilised against such a threat, and the process cannot begin until all the illusions about de Gaulle are discarded. M. Daniel Mayer has already launched an appeal to the French left, which has met with a favourable response from Mendès-France and most non-Communist progressives. I believe it is the clear duty of the Labour Party—and of true Socialists everywhere—to help these men in their difficult and dangerous task. Socialists in Britain who accept de Gaulle as 'the lesser of two evils', or, who, like Edelman, go even further and call him the Republic's only protector against an authoritarian regime, are, unconsciously, playing the Fascist game.

Paris K. S. KAROL

WHAT'S IN "SHOPPER'S GUIDE?"

WOULD YOU BUY WATER AT 1s. 4d. A BOTTLE?

No? But you may be getting a lot of water when you buy a bottle of bleach. Some are more than three times as strong as others. *Shopper's Guide* analysed nine, tells which are which.

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Shopper's Guide asks: "If an unbranded formula at 8d. cures your headache, why pay 1s. 10d. for something with a 'name'?"

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Questioned on what they do and do not like about their washing machines, two thousand members of the Consumer Council provided material for a report on washing machines. Which makes are rough on clothes? Which on the hot water bill? Which one has the highest bill for servicing? And which "practically never goes wrong"? All their answers are in *Shopper's Guide*.

ARE CHEAP ELECTRIC FIRES SAFE?

Shopper's Guide names several which, when tested, were found to be a potential hazard: but lists many others that can be depended upon—with names and prices.

GUINEA-PIG BABY

Mothers tell the Consumer Council plastic baby pants are not good enough. Eight makes were tried out on one baby to see if they might be right. Which wore longest? *Shopper's Guide* provides the answer.

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But not if it's one recommended by *Shopper's Guide* as safe. The only one that did explode when tested was one without the British Standard mark of approval on it.

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Your name .....

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* The Consumer Council was set up by the British Standards Institution. It consists of retailers, economists, journalists, representatives of women's organisations, and others with special knowledge of shoppers' needs. It is financially independent—its advisory work being helped by a small government grant, while its *Shopper's Guide* is financed by subscriptions. (No manufacturers sit on the Council—nor does it receive subscriptions from industry.) It should not be confused with any unofficial organisations of similar name

SIR,—Mr Maurice Edelman is a Labour MP, but your readers should not be misled by this fact into according undue weight to his defence of de Gaulle's *coup*. For some considerable time, this gentleman, when not writing sentimental articles about the inmates of Buckingham Palace, has been an assiduous apologist of French colonial policy. When, in April 1954, I wrote a special supplement for this journal exposing in detail French methods in North Africa, it drew an indignant protest from Mr Edelman and a defence of the El Glaoui-Juin-*colon* set-up in Morocco (then still a French protectorate). The Moroccan nationalists he described as 'Arab gunmen, nostalgic for the Mullah and the Medina, whose aim is the revival of a medieval and obscurantist despotism'. He then went on to list the 'contributions made by enlightened Frenchmen to the prosperity of North Africa', which, according to him, were a 'justification' of the French occupation. Similar arguments are now used by Mollet, Lacoste and Soustelle to justify the combination of repression and torture whereby France imposes its will on nine million Algerians.

PAUL JOHNSON

EXECUTION OF IMRE NAGY

SIR,—The chairman of the Haldane Society, Mr Stuart Shields, objects to the fact that they did not get a satisfactory answer from the Hungarian Lawyers' Association to their inquiry in the case of Imre Nagy.

The letter that the Haldane Society addressed in January 1958 to our Association contains several veiled insinuations which offend the international authority and sovereignty of the Hungarian People's Republic.

For our part we were convinced that the misunderstandings were clarified between the Haldane Society and our Association regarding the interpretation of provisions by the constitutional bodies of the Hungarian People's Republic directed towards the liquidation of the counter-revolution and ensuring the legal order of the state and the protection of normal economic life.

We hoped that after the detailed information given at the Moscow conference all barriers to co-operation and normal relations between our associations would be broken down. Therefore our Association in essence limited its answer to saying that:

(1) Investigations were in process against Nagy for his anti-constitutional and unlawful activities.

(2) By the nature of things, the Hungarian Lawyers' Association could have no knowledge as to what stage had been reached in the investigations by the relevant bodies.

This, by the way, is the same in every country in the world. While an investigation is uncompleted, only those bodies know about it under whose jurisdiction the investigation procedure is carried out. Naturally, the Hungarian Lawyers' Association cannot be considered such a body.

It is incomprehensible to us why Mr Stuart Shields considers it the duty of our Association to make representations for the release of persons accused of grave crimes, of organising the forcible overthrow of the State and its social order. This cannot be expected especially from organisations whose duty is to do everything possible in the interests of ensuring the enforcement of laws.

It is quite incomprehensible that, in accordance with the conception of Mr Stuart Shields, our Association should have made representations in the interests of Imre Nagy and his closest associates in crime, Géza Losonczy, Ferenc Donáth, Miklós Gimes, József Szilagyi, about whom the People's Council of the Supreme Court has since established that in December 1955 they set up an illegal, anti-state organisation with the aim of forcibly seizing power and overthrowing the Hungarian People's Republic.

They played a leading role in the preparation and launching of the October counter-revolutionary uprising. They were guilty of organising armed groups from freed convicted war criminals and anti-democratic convicts, from the enemies of every rank and order of the People's Democracy, who in Budapest and the other towns of the country perpetrated the horrors of the White Terror as a result of which, within a few short hours, 234 unprotected citizens were murdered, 3,000 progressive people loyal to the people's democracy imprisoned and a death list of over 10,000 prepared.

They co-operated with various organisations of the imperialists, they executed the military commands of Radio Free Europe with the purpose of clearing the way for imperialist intervention, they attempted illegally and unilaterally to withdraw from the Warsaw Treaty. They appealed for open armed intervention against the Revolutionary Workers and Peasants government and the Soviet troops called in by them for help.

What would the Haldane Society and its president, Mr Stuart Shields, do if in Britain an armed coup was attempted for the overthrow of the monarchy? Would the Haldane Society and Mr Shields support in any shape or form those who might be arrested for this and brought before the courts by the British legal authorities? I assume that that answer to this can only be 'No'. Our Association considers it its very duty to demand the taking to account of such people in the strictest manner.

We reject the statement that Imre Nagy and his associates were sentenced at a 'secret' trial. In Hungary no secret trials are held. They are unknown. In Hungary by law the court has the right in certain cases to hold trials *in camera* but not secret as stated by Mr Shields, and also has the right to announce the sentence at the trial *in camera*.

The People's Council of the Supreme Court ordered a trial *in camera* on the basis of the law. Nobody can take exception to this. Also the law permits the Attorney to present indictments in certain cases before the Supreme Court. And in cases where the Supreme Court proceeds in the first instance, by the nature of things there is not and cannot be room for appeal. Such practices are well-known in the juridical methods of various countries.

JENO BENEDEK
General Secretary
Hungarian Lawyers' Association
Budapest

LEARNING TO LIVE

SIR,—In your article on 'Learning to Live' you suggest that 'It is over Direct Grant Schools that an opportunity seems to have been missed'. The only argument used to support your thesis that the schools at present on the Direct Grant list should be integrated into the state system is that there are strong objections to 'using public money to preserve them as private enclaves of fee-paying education' and that there should be a clear dividing line between publicly and privately financed education. This strikes us as typical of a doctrinaire approach to politics and social questions that does the Labour Party no good. You do not examine the merits or demerits of the schools at present on the Direct Grant list, or ask whether public money is being well spent or not. We can at least be thankful that the Labour Party policy statement shows a more practical approach than you do to this question.

First, we believe that the Direct Grant scheme is on balance proving a valuable and successful educational experiment. Children of all social classes mix on equal terms. The schools themselves are already under strict state supervision, and the LEAs are represented on the governing bodies. We can see no immediate advantage in bringing these schools under state control; the only certain result would be that the cost per pupil would be considerably more than the per capita grant at present being paid by the Ministry of Education. Not only is the state getting education 'on the cheap' on the present system, but also the schools themselves accept full responsibility for capital development, though many have received assistance from the Industrial Fund. The policy statement suggests more necessary projects upon which to spend public money.

One further point not widely appreciated is that even the fee-paying scholars are subject to a sliding scale for their fees, so that, for example, a parent with £7 10s per week and only one child would pay no fees at the Direct Grant school at which we teach, if the child gained a fee-paying place to the school. Only parents with an income of more than £23 5s per week pay the full fee, which means that no child is excluded from such a school on grounds of lack of income.

There are certain spheres—education is among them—where there are real advantages to be gained from a marriage of public and private enterprise: universities are an obvious example as 'Learning to Live' recognises. We therefore find it difficult to understand those who want to force these schools to become private schools, since this course would only succeed in reducing the present valuable state supervision.

N. G. BARNETT
L. BROWN
C. BROOK

Yorkshire

SIR,—In his letter on 'Learning to Live', Mr Goodman exhibits precisely that kind of prejudice and muddled thinking from which the Labour party pamphlet is so remarkably free. He dismisses as 'irrelevant . . . in fact, a complete red herring' your argument that the individual should not be deprived of the right to 'the purchase of private education' In fact it could hardly be more relevant, since the question of educational freedom touches the very basis of a democratic society—a fact which, incidentally, the 'Victory for Socialism' group, whose pamphlet on education has just been published, do not seem to appreciate. Moreover, the attitude underlying Mr Goodman's assertion is an exceedingly repellent one; 'is it likely', he asks, 'that people in search of freedom from the tyranny of state education would immedi-

a meeting of information about what is happening in Europe: a demonstration of

14 JULY 1958

CRY EUROPE

PAUL IGNOTUS
Hungary

THEODOR PIRKER
Germany

HANS WERNER RICHTER
Germany

Paul Johnson **John Gale** **Andrew Ewart** **Mervyn Jones**

ately replace with a new set the fallen bastions of Eton and Winchester' if the latter were nationalised? In other words, says Mr Goodman, by all means give the individual the right to purchase private education, as long as you are quite sure that he won't attempt to exercise it! Is this sort of cynicism to lie at the root of Britain's future educational system?

Mr Goodman continues: 'The great majority of people who are potential Labour voters—and many who are not—find the existing public school system socially distasteful and educationally unnecessary'. What 'the great majority of people who are potential Labour voters' means I am not sure, and I suspect that Mr Goodman isn't either. Is it the people who voted Labour last time and are likely to do so again, or those who were too young to vote last time but will probably vote Labour this time, or what? In any case, what grounds has Mr Goodman for stating what this vast and nebulous body of opinion thinks about the public schools? And what justification has anybody for condemning the public schools as 'educationally unnecessary'? Good schools in this country are all educationally very necessary, and all evidence points to the fact that most of the public schools are still among the best in the country. (Perhaps Mr Goodman is grudgingly admitting this when he talks of something he calls 'the excellent physical qualities of the public school'.) What is desirable, in fact, is that the public schools should immediately be made accessible to wider social groups, as the universities have been during the last fifteen years, by means of state and local authority grants to individuals.

Finally, I object to Mr Goodman's imputation of 'cowardice' to the Labour party; it requires no more 'bravery' to attack an established institution like the public schools than it does to write denigrating letters to the newspapers. . . . Nor is there much sense in waxing indignant over 'archaic social divisions in this atomic age'. Is there some inevitable link between social class and nuclear physics? Or is it simply that Mr Goodman would like to see an H-bomb dropped on Eton College chapel?

PETER M. OPPENHEIMER

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INDEXING OPERA

SIR,—Since Mr Desmond Shawe-Taylor devotes no fewer than 25 lines of his review of *Two Centuries of Opera at Covent Garden*, by Harold Rosenthal, to a slating of my index, perhaps I may be allowed the courtesy of your space for a brief defence. First, let me dispel any doubt as to 'whether its compiler has ever been inside an opera house'. I first attended Covent Garden (to hear Emmy Destinn in *Madame Butterfly*) in 1908—possibly before Mr Shawe-Taylor was born—and I have been to many opera performances since then.

Of course I was aware that *Figaro*, *Le Nozze di Figaro* and *The Marriage* are one and the same opera but, since they are so (variously) named in different parts of the text, good indexing requires that each shall be separately listed. Hence the object of cross-references, which your reviewer admits that I used in this instance. Were Mr Shawe-Taylor as profoundly experienced in indexing as he presumably is in opera, he would surely be aware of these facts.

As regards my use of dates as sub-headings, this was deliberately done to avoid impossibly long strings of unrelieved page-number entries, which render so many indexes hopelessly formidable for the user. The book had to be produced by the date of the Covent Garden centenary; had the time factor been less urgent, no doubt other methods could have been devised.

G. NORMAN KNIGHT

3 Western Mansions
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NUCLEAR CAMPAIGN

SIR,—Your correspondents who refer, as though to a recognised fact, to the failure of the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament seem to be in a different campaign from the rest of us. Perhaps their observation is limited to a couple of postal districts in London.

The Campaign (the one I know about) has rallied upwards of 3,000 people six times since February—at Central Hall, twice in Trafalgar Square, in Manchester and Birmingham, and in a field at Aldermaston. Since April it has been holding eight meetings a week in towns large and small. My own observation, in places between Sunderland and Portsmouth, is that the normal audience is 200; once, in bad weather and with the publicity muffed, I saw as few as 50. Almost always I have been told that the meeting is the biggest for several years in the town concerned.

Not only is this an effort on a scale rare in modern political history, but it also indicates a widespread opinion which was waiting for the Campaign. The other day I went along a working-class street with a petition calling bluntly for unilateral disarmament. I started at No. 18 and got to No. 43; there are 50 signatures. Often people ask: 'What can we do?'

The holidays are now beginning, but all this effort will be resumed and extended in September. My local committee isn't halfway through its programme of meetings in various neighbourhoods (five, so far) and petitioning. Actually, the Campaign has barely begun to organise itself and spread its policy, except in the south of England and Yorkshire. Elsewhere, committees are just being formed.

Does this mean that everybody already agrees with the Campaign? Not a bit of it. There is a plausible-sounding case for Britain having the bomb, which must be met by patient and detailed argument. One of our handicaps is that some of our supporters think our case is so 'obviously right' that anyone who resists a brief statement of it must be 'hopeless'. Or else they panic and tell us that our case is all wrong because it's not as magically victorious as Joshua's trumpets. If we are serious about this campaign, we must be ready to reason with one man for an hour—and go away undiscouraged if we don't always win him over.

I know that we are working against time. Yet it would do us no harm to remember that it took 20 years to abolish child labour, the slave trade, or rotten boroughs; and none of these campaigns could have succeeded if their adherents had cried 'failure' after six months.

MERVYN JONES

61 Hyde Vale, SE10

TO JACQUETTA HAWKES

Lady, the hem of your antiquarian christian petticoat is showing
A few men are not possessed by devils
but by institutions which gave them birth
and would give others birth if they the possessed died.
They are possessed by ideology and wealth and power
as you relatively speaking lady are
and like you
they like it
are not wont to give it up without a fight.

Lady, you have denuded your opposite.
If Boadicea spoke of love when her Iceni
massacred the Roman legion
then she was a fool
or worse a hypocrite.
If the Russian or Israeli she-soldier spoke of love when she
put the butt of her rifle to a right shoulder
whose matching breast had no need of excision
then she was a fool
or worse a hypocrite.
Have the courage as they had
to embrace him this naked man hatred
to acknowledge in the course of renovation
your necessary master.

Lady, your psychology is as deceptive as your love.
I too fear.
Might I suggest that you also fear.
Out of childhood. Out of adulthood. Who the hell
(to have recourse to your antiquarian christian imagery)
cares?
I also have a stomach for sacrifice
which is as large as man's desire.
Are dolls superior to clockwork?
These are not the point.
The point is are you prepared to revise your fears
thru dislike
thru hatred of the old?

Lady, your sisters will not hear you.
They are too busy many of them
howling for the blood of their brothers
whom they the perpetually innocent
brand with the stigmata
(to have recourse to your antiquarian christian imagery)
of sexual impropriety.
They are too busy many of them
riding to first nights seeing who can show the most breast
short of the nipple in large Bentleys.
They are too busy many of them
penning steaming novelettes to make quick fortunes
from a rigged market.

Lady, to love all
like to understand all
is to forgive all
a philosophy fit for a Plato
and impossible.

HAROLD MONTANI

solidarity with European democracy: Org. by Universities and Left Review Club

JOSE KINDALAN
Madrid student strike leader

CLAUDE BOURDET
editor *France-Observateur*

G. D. H. COLE

BARBARA CASTLE, M.P.

E. P. Thompson **Stuart Hall** **Ralph Samuel** *Chrmn.*

Mon. 14 July, 7.30

ST. PANCRAS TOWN HALL

BOOKS IN GENERAL

Whose Arthur?

In a rather arch verse introduction to one of his best-known shorter poems, Tennyson describes a house-party where a few young men sit 'round the wassail bowl' discussing the decay of honour, current theology, and other such late-night gossip. Asked about his Arthurian epic, the poet Everard says that he has burnt the thing.

> Why should any man
> Remodel models? these twelve books of mine
> Were faint Homeric echoes, nothing worth.

But Francis his friend reveals that he has saved one section from the fire. And – soon persuaded – the poet, 'mouthing out his hollow oes and aes', begins to read: *So all day long the noise of battle roll'd. . . .*

This fine poem, as Tennyson well knew, was not in the least a faint Homeric echo; it is, indeed, one of the noblest specimens of Victorian Malory that survive. Its author did, of course, attempt the Arthur theme again, but only to cast about, at a more commonplace level, among the side romances. Not many writers, after all, have managed to take the whole epic story as it stands. In our own day, though, the feat has been done by Mr T. H. White, whose three Arthurian volumes, published at intervals over the past 20 years, are now concluded with a fourth, revised and assembled into one*. Mr White is a literary eccentric, as much at home in the mire and marvels of medieval Britain as anybody not a professional historian can ever have been. Originals of this author's kind seem peculiar to the native culture – Reade, Du Maurier, for instance – producing, as if by accident, some near-masterpiece along what might appear at first a tributary wayside. Mr White, an obstinate original, has also his moments of genius. Are we to count his Arthur, though, as the representative Arthur of our day?

For Malory's saga holds a curious place in English esteem. 'A holy book,' the present Poet Laureate has called it; it is a reasonable description of the sentiment. Opinion has not always been so firm. Ascham, a fair enough minded critic, but insensible to charm, thought the work demoralising, observing that 'the whole pleasure . . . standeth in two special points – in open manslaughter and bold bawdry. . . . Those be counted the noblest knights that do kill most men without any quarrel, and commit foulest adulteries by subtlest shifts'. Well, you can read into any of the world's great ancient narratives what you will. Milton, being Milton, found in Malory a call to virtue, an incitement to spend one's life defending 'the honour and chastity of virgin and matron' – a bleak but impeccable ideal.

Milton did not, as he first intended, make it the theme of his great epic, or the English schoolchild would not have received its Malory so entirely from Tennysonian and Pre-Raphaelite sources. The nineteenth century was ready for a fresh version, and knew what it required, aesthetically and morally, from the legend. It hardly mattered that the values of that uninhibited fairy tale were not based on those of the domestic hearth. True, few writers went as far as the ageing Wordsworth, who invented an episode (*The Egyptian Maid*) in which a shipwrecked heathen miss, cheerfully agreeing to be baptised, selects for her husband from all the Arthurian knights the celibate and misogynistic Galahad. But a wilfully false re-reading was in the air. Burne-Jones epitomised another sort of romantic fantasy. Those vague and dreaming knights with their tender, sensual, phthisic faces, could never have endured the physical roughness of the average chivalric day as Malory records it. As for the poets of Albert's England, with a few exceptions they chose what had least moment in the original text: the love relationships of men and women, not only Guenevere's story but Iseult's, Enid's, Elaine's. The Globe edition of Malory, in a Preface (by Sir Edward Strachey) dated 1891, contains these astonishing words:

> The morality of *Morte Darthur* is low in one essential thing, and this alike in what it says and in what it omits: and Lord Tennyson shows us how it should be raised. The ideal of marriage, in its relation and its contrast with all other forms of love and chastity, is brought out in every form, rising at last to tragic grandeur, in the *Idylls of the King*. It is not in celibacy . . . but in marriage . . . that we are to rise above the temptations of a love like that of Lancelot or even of Elaine; and Malory's book does not set this ideal of life before us with any power or clearness. In no age or country [Sir Edward continues] has the excellence of marriage been wholly unknown; but Luther and the Reformation brought it first into the full light of day, when he, a monk, married a nun, and thus in the name of God declared that the vows of marriage were more sacred and more binding than those of the convent, and that the one might be lawfully set aside by the other.

But it should be remembered that there was more than one Tennyson. As a young man he had written not only *Morte d'Arthur* but the delightful springtime fragment called *Sir Lancelot and Queen Guenevere*. (Also *Ulysses*, which is an anti-Penelope, anti-Ithaca poem.) The detestable Idyll, which Sir Edward thought so highly of, about Guenevere grovelling on a convent floor before the stern high-minded king, was a work of his pontifical Laureate years.

In Mr White's version government, not Guenevere, is Arthur's problem. Lancelot is his finest knight and dearest friend: as for the long love between friend and wife the king had (as Malory puts it) 'a deeming, but he would not hear of it'. This Arthur is a 'kind, conscientious, peace-loving fellow who had been afflicted in his youth by a tutor of genius'. Emperor of Europe, inventor of the chivalric ideal (Might in the Cause of Right) and later of Civil Law (Right without Might at all) he still cannot control the basic human evil in his men.

The first book, *The Sword in the Stone*, started off as a boy's-eye view of the ancient English world – a jolly, idealistic, magical-comical romp; and something of this flavour persists throughout. Merlin is compared to Lord Baden-Powell with a beard; Lancelot is called 'a sort of Bradman, top of the battling averages'. Arthur says to the boy Lancelot: 'I want to get hold of a lot of people who are good at games to help with an idea I have. . . . It is about knights,' etc. Lancelot, who has had a more sophisticated education, promptly replies: 'We call it Fort Mayne in France. . . . You want to put an end to the Strong Arm, by having a band of knights who believe in justice rather than strength. Yes, I would like to be one of those very much. I must grow up first. Thank you'. As one may imagine, women, especially domestic women, have hardly a place at all. Elaine, mother of Galahad ('our baby') is the tenacious little woman, the spirit of suburban married life. Her 'round face had stubbornly refused to accept the noble traces of grief'. Guenevere does rather better, but not much. She ages, which Malory's characters never, apparently, do. The only woman allowed on any major expedition is Percivale's sister and she meets a peculiarly disagreeable end – providing some virgin's blood for a local leprosy case. Only as a corpse is she allowed a further (and minor) part in the quest. The Tristram story is not touched at all, except for a sensible remark by Arthur that the poor fellow always had a confused idea that the two Isouds – La Beale and White-Hands – were really one.

All this is not important. The author's tastes are stronger than his dislikes: this, in a work of such a kind, is unusual. (Compare Mr C. S. Lewis in his fairy tales.) Mr White is at his imaginative best when he is also most knowledgeable, and the book gives scope for his considerable if somehow private knowledge of ancient and modern natural history, of archery, armoury, hawking, hunting (if these are the correct terms), and other such medieval ploys; also of clothes and music, stained glass and building methods, and other details of that cruel and colourful world. And through its forests and galleries move the key figures of Arthur and Merlin, then of Arthur and Lancelot, with the bitter, strange Orkney brothers, children of the witch Morgause, as the danger element, the Gael for ever at battle with the Gall. The fifth, Mordred, too clever for his blunt and simple world, is Arthur's own incest-begotten son.

Arthur himself is the spirit of public good: a sympathetic, lonely figure working through centuries of civilising practice in his single reign. This is the chief fruit of Merlin's teaching, But Merlin now has gone to his doomed sleep. The magic hand – we still invoke its help in times of need – is locked in a cave and will not come again.

> What I meant by civilisation when I invented it, was simply that people ought not to take advantage of weakness. . . . People ought to be civil. But it has turned into sportsmanship. Merlin always said that sportsmanship was the curse of the world, and so it is. My scheme is going wrong. . . . They are turning it into a competitive thing. Merlin used to call it Games-Mania. Everybody gossips and nags and hints and speculates about who unseated whom last, and who has rescued most virgins, and who is the best knight of the Table.

* *The Once and Future King*. By T. H. White. *Collins*. 25s.

Still, it is Lancelot, *le Chevalier Mal Fet*, the imperfect human creature battling against its own imperfections and not always wanting to win, who is the high creation of this tale.

But the problem of every epic remains the same. What end had the chase in view? Even the quest for the Grail has an edge of absurdity: *what then?* the whisper sounds. Or else: it was Galahad's private Game, and nobody cares for Galahad. And what had Merlin's marvellous education done, at the last, for the King? Mr White soon finds himself with questions like these on his hands. The danger lies, of course, in the new dimension that the teller gives to the figures of pageantry: at once the limitations rise of logic, life and time. What began as a schoolboy frolic ends with an old man, 'inventor of civilisation', trying to find the great reasons why he has greatly failed. Kipling's Gramarye has turned into modern war-torn England. And now it is the eve of the final battle. Are the Celtic queens – the guardians of the ancient magic – waiting over the page, as in Malory, to bear the King away? It may be, but Mr White stops at a different point. He leaves the issues laid out for dissection, and turns with magnificent anachronism to a brilliant idea for the close.

The White Arthuriad does not ignore the difficulties of the old story as so many versions for the young are bound to do, but it is for other reasons than this that it is so much more than a juvenile book. The lesson it seems to teach – since Merlin knows it all from the start – is that what must be must be; the real and exhilarating business of life is the battle against the inevitable. Or perhaps the telling itself is the trouble. This extraordinary and often magical volume may or may not lead a young Milton to the defence of virgins: that depends on the reader's temperament. But from a literary and aesthetic view it will certainly impose its picture for a long time after, perhaps for always, on any later version that may be read.

NAOMI LEWIS

Remembering Suez

King Charles, on stone at Charing Cross,
Points to the place where he was killed
A hundred yards along Whitehall.
On his enormous pedestal.
Lord Nelson dwarfs Trafalgar Square
And Landseer's patient lions there
Ignore the pigeon-droppings, drilled
Like guards round some Hungarian *schloss*.

I think, as I survey the scene,
(The cold Spring sun, the fountains playing,
The quiet crowds to left and right)
Of how the square seems calm tonight.
Once at the height of Suez here
I heard the crowd's first broken cheer
For what some politician was saying
About what nuclear war might mean.

Then felt the slow initial sway
And then the whole crowd stir and move
Along Whitehall towards Downing Street
Shouting in rhythm to their feet
'Resign! Resign!' The police at first
Watched, and then grouped, charged and dispersed
The ones with banners, people who've
Grown to a myth, a world away.

That night at home I heard the news,
How tanks had battered Budapest,
And Imre Nagy's appeal came
Out of the wireless, crackling, lame
And unintelligible words
Obscurely moving like a bird's
Call, and I thought it best
To touch life gently like a bruise.

Tonight King Charles and his lost cause
Immortalised on crumbling stone
Give less firm substance to the square
Than that sharp, smoke-and-fog-filled air
Of an October afternoon
When Suez burst, like a balloon,
And stout Lord Nelson stood alone
Propped by four blackened lions' paws.

GEORGE MACBETH

Philosophic Traveller

Journeys to England and Ireland. By ALEXIS DE TOCQUEVILLE. Edited by J. P. MAYER. *Faber*. 30*s*.

Rebecca West tells somewhere a story of accompanying D. H. Lawrence on his first visit to Florence. Half an hour after their arrival, Lawrence had disappeared. She inquired where he was. Norman Douglas, who was also of the party, replied: 'Lorenzo will be upstairs, writing an essay on the spirit of Florence.' And so it proved. The notes which Tocqueville made during his two short visits to England belong to the same school as Lawrence's essay. He observed, to his own satisfaction, what he had previously worked out theoretically. Mr Mayer reprints, rather unkindly, the reflections on English history which Tocqueville wrote down five years before coming to England; and here, along with a good deal of rubbish, are most of the things which Tocqueville later discovered on the spot. There is nothing wrong in this – quite the contrary. A country is far better understood by studying its history and institutions than by visiting it; and Tocqueville was a writer of political philosophy, not a newspaper reporter. He did not aspire to be a detached observer. He saw what fitted into his system; and, since he had a good system, he saw a great deal. It was the same when he went to the United States. His book is a wonderful disquisition on democracy and its evils; but as an account of America, it is inferior to the work of Mrs Trollope, to say nothing of Dickens.

Hence those who will hail this book as a vivid picture of England soon after the great Reform Bill and recommend it as an alternative to books of contemporary travel do Tocqueville no service. There is really not much here of vivid reporting. A comical account of election proceedings at the Guildhall, and the usual comment on smoky Manchester are about the best. As a matter of fact, Tocqueville's hosts were mainly anxious to interest him in the new Poor Law; but he never grasped what this involved. He on his side wanted to confirm his theoretical explanation why England had managed to preserve liberty; and he succeeded. One part of the explanation was decentralisation – hence his interest in quarter sessions. More profoundly, he insisted that the basis of English aristocracy was wealth, not blood; and

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that this, in its turn, was due to primogeniture. The younger sons of nobles inherited neither titles nor land. They had therefore to make money in order to maintain their social standing; and, once money became the test of rank, anyone could enter the upper classes by becoming rich. Much of this sounds shocking now when the English governing classes are supposed to have superior standards of honour and ability and what-not. It was a radical commonplace in Tocqueville's time. If he had inflated these notes into a formal work of sociology, he would have qualified as one of the Seven Frauds of Christendom.

Tocqueville's visit to Ireland was even shorter; his notes therefore, as one would expect, are longer. Spending less time on travel, he had more for thought; and might well have produced a massive book on Ireland if he had never gone there at all. Tocqueville emphasised the two Irish institutions which struck other contemporary observers: an alien church, and an absentee aristocracy. Reading Tocqueville's Irish notes, it seems incredible that the British governing classes, who maintained this system of terror in Ireland for more than two hundred years, should ever hold up their heads again. But there is no limit to their sanctimonious hypocrisy. Tocqueville did not realise that this, and not superior institutions or political genius, kept them going. But of course, if he had, he would not have received a leader-page article in *The Times* on the 150th anniversary of his death.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

There is a third edition of the Chatham House political and economic survey of *The Middle East*, edited by Sir Reader Bullard (Oxford, 45s.).

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NEW STATESMAN

NELSON

Gainsborough Whole

Gainsborough. By ELLIS WATERHOUSE. *Hulton.* 6½ *gns.*

I shall try not to fall into the reviewer's trap, of telling the reader what he thinks about the subject of a book, and then finding he has no room left at the end to review it; I hope in the process I shall not go to the opposite extreme of being just pedestrian. First of all, for those who can, it is worth making the financial sacrifice to acquire this book. For the general reader, it is the only one worth having on Gainsborough. He should have a place on the shelves because he is probably the best and certainly the most seductive English painter that ever lived; his light has been shining on English art ever since. There are nearly 300 works by him reproduced in black-and-white, many whole-page. (It is better to take no notice of the colour reproductions, which are odious.) Then there is the catalogue of portraits arranged alphabetically under sitters, of landscapes arranged chronologically, and some other items – a most convenient section, packed with facts, in which over a thousand items are listed. Finally, there is Professor Waterhouse's essay on Gainsborough, the most important section in the book.

If there is little new information in the essay, this is largely because Waterhouse himself in various publications over the last few years has had his say on Gainsborough, and now takes the offer of a generous publisher to put all his material together. But to read it in conjunction with the plates (the two beautifully complement one another) is to experience Gainsborough afresh, to be astounded – in spite of everything that has been said and shown – by his range and genius, and to be obliged, oddly enough, to revise the current notion of his mature style. This shift in attitude is made possible partly by the lavish plates, partly by some new things that Waterhouse has to say, observations that never found their way into his shorter essay on Gainsborough in his volume for the Pelican *History of Art* series. It has become fashionable to admire the early works at the expense of the later, for obvious reasons: the early landscapes and portraits have been seeming the most truthful because the most natural; the later ones too flashy, too contrived; they have become soiled because American millionaires once liked them (a bad reason); whereas in fact no one phase of Gainsborough is more truthful than any other. Waterhouse's achievement is to have reintroduced us to some late works, by showing us, not the elegance that was admired at the beginning of this century, but the genius that was capable of translating this elegance into 'works of abstract art' 'as if they were *Nymphéas* by Monet'. It is unusual for a University Professor to indulge in such speculations, but this Professor is showing himself something more than an omniscient art historian.

A whole world of late Gainsborough is thus opened up for us, not only because a group of so-called well-known late portraits is reinterpreted for us, but because there are new pictures to interpret: miraculous open-air genre scenes like the *Haymaker and Sleeping Girl* in Boston and the *Woodgatherers* in the Metropolitan which have never been given their due but which must be unsurpassed in the whole of Europe at that moment, even by David, Fragonard, Guardi and Goya. It sometimes happens, as happened to Gainsborough when his early works were revealed, that one period of an artist's work is sacrificed in order that the beauties of another should be laid bare; justice done in one ignored direction involves injustice somewhere else. Waterhouse has triumphantly redressed the balance in the case of Gainsborough. It is now up to someone to rediscover the greatness that one knows must lurk in the aged Corot.

The early sections of the essay are less satisfactory, though even here one is conscious that the author has all the points at his fingertips, all the pictures in his mind's eye, and knows how to produce them in the right places. There is not the same excitement here as in the later sections, perhaps because less new ground is being covered. It is true that he writes with necessary enthusiasm of the *View of the Charterhouse* in the Foundling Hospital and the Toledo *Boy with Sheep*, but I found the account of the Ipswich portrait groups less inspiring than that in the Pelican *History*. I suppose he knows too well how often the stooks of corn in the *Mr and Mrs Andrews* have been written up, and felt he could give them a miss this time. In any case, he is now too keen on his theory that Gainsborough's habit of building up compositions from models in his studio, not only people from dressed dolls, but distant woods from broccoli, was more or less constant throughout his mature life, to pay much more attention to those divine moments, admittedly few, when nothing interposed between his vision of the Suffolk landscape, and a mark on his canvas. Of course Gainsborough had a curious and persistent taste for scenic effects. But I wish a little more emphasis had been given to him as a nature painter, in the sense that Constable meant it, because he had this side to him too.

BENEDICT NICOLSON

Nap

My Dearest Louise. Edited by C.-F. PALMSTIERNA. *Methuen.* 25*s.*

Napoleon in His Time. By JEAN SAVANT. *Putnam.* 30*s.*

Both these books have been translated from the original French to cater for our national laziness, on the publishers' safe assumption that no educated Englishman nowadays will bother to read a foreign language if he can help it. *My Dearest Louise* contains the letters exchanged between the Empress Marie Louise and her husband Napoleon during the years 1813 and 1814, when the Emperor was away at the wars, trying to save his crumbling Empire. Napoleon's letters to her were first printed 20 years ago in France; but Marie Louise's side of the correspondence has only recently been unearthed from its hiding-place in the Bernadotte archives at Stockholm. Mr Palmstierna's editing and notes fill in the background unobtrusively for the unacademic reader, who may well have forgotten exactly what was happening during those desperate months. From reading Marie Louise's effusions one would never guess that the fate of Europe was wobbling in the balance. She was titular Regent of France while Napoleon was at the front, but she inundated him, sometimes twice daily, with her colds and her headaches, the state of the little King of Rome's bowels, a list of all her petty domestic troubles and assurances of her love and devotion. She asks like a nervous child for instructions how to behave in public; and she begs him never to risk his life, to beat the Russians, the Prussians and the Austrians as quickly as possible, and above all to take care of his health. 'I hope you are wrapping up warmly and not getting wet.' Her letters are those of a flustered silly goose, concentrating on trifles because events

have grown too big for her tiny comprehension. Nap (as he signed himself to her) wasted no words in answering; she was told what to do, whom to see, where to go, as if she was one of his aides-de-camp – as indeed she was! 'Have a salute of 30 guns fired. A kiss to my son. All my love. Nap.'

Some of the letters included in this intimate connubial exchange must arouse considerable historical interest. To give one instance, while fighting his brilliant campaign of Jan.-March 1814 in Northern France, Napoleon engaged his wife to seduce her father, the Emperor Francis of Austria, from the Grand Alliance: and to fortify her in the task he told her that he had thoughts of killing himself if the conditions of peace were not to his satisfaction. The letter Marie Louise wrote at his behest is here printed:— '. . . It is not good policy on your part to offer us a shameful and dishonourable peace. . . . People here are resolved to die rather than accept such terms, and think, dear Papa, what would then be my situation, the blow would be so terrible that I should never survive it'. A very strange argument to employ; and it is extraordinary that Napoleon, for all his inordinate vanity, should have endorsed it. Nothing could conceivably have gratified dear Papa and the entire world more than Nap's timely suicide; and one is not surprised that he proved obdurate to this filial appeal. But Nap was not to be discouraged. After his abdication he went through the motions of taking poison, but was relieved when he vomited and could exclaim 'I am condemned to live': he had already contrived that Marie Louise should see her father in person and beg for her three-year-old son to rule as Napoleon II. There was never a Machiavellian plot among the Allies to separate husband and wife: it is quite clear from the correspondence that Napoleon preferred to use her influence with Francis rather than take her with him to Elba. The tool, however, was weak, and turned in his hand. Within six months she had become Neipperg's mistress and joined the Grand Alliance, instead of breaking it.

The biographical notes to *My Dearest Louise* have been supplied by M. Jean Savant, a Napoleonic scholar quite exempt from hero-worship. In his own book *Napoleon in His Time* M. Savant has collected the testimony of more than a hundred eye-witnesses of the great Corsican's career from the cradle to the grave and invites us to drop all nonsensical veneration for the legend and take a close look at the actual man. Soldiers, politicians, diplomats, courtiers, valets, mistresses, friends, relations and casual bystanders all contribute from their personal experience, with overwhelming effect. Napoleon was a five foot two embodiment of enormous energy, powerful mind, and odious character, the three requisites for a successful dictator, given the opportunity and enough luck to seize power. Once in the saddle and his spurs in the flanks of the French nation, his genius for strategy made him for fifteen years the terror of the earth. 'Europe is an old, rotten whore. I have 800,000 men. I shall do what I please with her.' His ruthlessness and brutality so demoralised his entourage that they bowed and scraped before him in cringing adulation and hardly dared commit their secret thoughts to paper. Madame de Rémusat, one may remember, was so scared when she heard that he had escaped from Elba that she burnt all her precious diaries in panic; and her grandson did not pluck up courage to publish her reminiscences until Napoleon III and the Prince Imperial were safely in their graves. Many of the most damning items in M. Savant's formidable indictment have been culled from private papers that lay hidden in French cupboards for many generations. 'What will the world say of me when I die?' was an embarrassing question Napoleon liked to pose his courtiers; and he answered it himself: 'It will say "Ouf".' It would say much more than 'Ouf' (as readers of *Napoleon in His Time* will see for themselves), but it has taken more than 100 years for a Frenchman to have the courage to publish this composite and uncensored obituary.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

Larger than Life

Landor: A Replevin. By MALCOLM ELWIN. *Macdonald.* 45*s.*

In literature as in life, Walter Savage Landor was at all stages of a turbulent and truculent career an outsize personality; and it is appropriate that Mr Elwin, having taken the measurements of the man, has seen fit to devote to him an outsize in biographies. The author's preliminary research for this work was interrupted in 1939 by the outbreak of war; and after the war, he placed his material in the hands of Mr R. H. Super, an American scholar who in 1954 published a biography of Landor wherein one-fifth of its 654 pages were devoted to source references alone. Mr Elwin and Mr Super do not, however, see eye to eye in all matters relating to Landor: and in footnote after footnote of the book under review, Mr Super comes in for some resounding slaps for having done his homework in a manner unacceptable to Mr Elwin. This is a little hard on Mr Super, for to give him his due, his flair for research has led him to make some very interest-

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PETER DAVIES

ing discoveries. It was he, for instance, who found amongst the books in John Forster's library Robert Landor's copy of the *Quarterly Review* for April 1865, wherein, after a reference to 'the deep penitence of Eve,' Landor's younger brother had tartly written in the margin:

> He too should have repented then – having seduced a girl at Tenby the year before, with whom he lived at Swansea till the birth of a Child.

From the day he first stood erect on his own two feet until his death in his ninetieth year, Landor presented what today, no doubt, would be regarded as the classical picture of the problem child. Denied the love of a mother who despatched her eldest-born to school at the tender age of four-and-a-half, he returned to the family circle a confirmed rebel: there, on one notable occasion, to be exposed to the observant gaze of young Mary Butts, future author of *The Fairchild Family*, who found Walter sprawling on the floor before the fire. Ordered by his mother to get up, 'I shan't', he said, and 'bade her hold her tongue'. This rebel against the conventions of his time was as equable and lucid in his work as he was eccentric and irascible in his daily life. Born, as he said, with a temper 'the worst beyond comparison that ever man was cursed with', he proved to be an uneasy companion: 'the great enjoyment of walking out with him', said a lady, 'had only one drawback – he was always knocking somebody down'. This violent man was at the same time the most tender and affectionate of fathers: his understanding of the inner life of young children was far ahead of his time. 'Children are not men or women: they are almost as different creatures, in many respects, as if they were never to be the one or the other', he wrote in a *Conversation* published in 1829: and in the life of children, as of animals, flowers and trees, he found at all times a source of deep and unfailing satisfaction.

Mr Elwin has rendered an excellent service in having assembled between the covers of a single volume so large a quantity of material, drawn from sources old and new. Thus restored, the physiognomy of Walter Savage Landor emerges with all the compelling brilliance and vivacity of a portrait by Sargent.

BETTY MILLER

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Probably the best book that has yet been written on Scottish literature
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Detailed and vivid re-creation of Renaissance Scotland which misses no legitimate touch of colour
Times Literary Supplement
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OLIVER & BOYD

Republics à Gogo

When France Fell. By HARRY J. GREENWALL. *Wingate.* 15*s.*

Seven Times Seven Days. By EMMANUEL D'ASTIER. *MacGibbon & Kee.* 18*s.*

The French Army has not fought seriously since 1918 (it is an Anglo-French myth, fostered by Lloyd George for political reasons, that Foch's generalship won the Great War). But the Frenchman's estimate of the importance of military success seems to have grown in inverse ratio to his capacity to achieve it. A nation's military record has really nothing to do with its political system; but French institutions appear less and less able to withstand the shock of defeat in battle. It took a full-scale invasion to destroy the Third Republic; the Fourth was toppled by a handful of Arab guerillas.

There is, perhaps, a simple explanation for this. The French learned no constitutional lessons from 1940. The structure of the Fourth Republic was basically the same as the Third. Indeed, the only important changes – in the electoral system and the powers of the Chamber – had the effect of increasing the Third's characteristic weaknesses. Hence, when the Fourth was challenged by a 1940 situation – only on a much smaller scale – it collapsed even more ignominiously. Reading Mr Greenwall's account of the fall of France – a racy narrative, marred by inaccuracies and careless writing – one is struck by the astonishing parallels between 1940 and 1958. Pflimlin behaved with exactly the same blend of good intentions and irresolution as Reynaud (though he lacked the excuse that he was ill advised by a disgruntled mistress). Soustelle played the role of Laval, while Jules Moch gave a passable imitation of Georges Mandel. Mendès-France had the same part to play on both occasions, and it must be a galling thing for a politician to be impotently right in two similar national crises. The comparison between de Gaulle and Pétain is obvious; it is also, and increasingly, valid. On both occasions, the Socialist Party betrayed; on both, the mass of the French people looked on with indifference.

Why did France fail to learn the lesson? Part of the answer is supplied by Emmanuel d'Astier, a left-wing aristocrat who ran one of the most effective Resistance networks, and who now leads the fellow-travelling Progressiste Party. D'Astier's memoirs are fragmentary and written in an allusive manner which I occasionally found irritating, but he puts his finger on the main cause of France's post-war dilemma. Unlike de Gaulle, d'Astier realised that the Resistance was not so much a resurgence of national pride as a social revolution, whose enemy was the French bourgeoisie as much as the Germans. The Resistance and the Free French thus had virtually nothing in common, but events forced them into a shot-gun marriage. This was tragic, for it made a return to the pre-war system possible. De Gaulle should have come back to France, like the Bourbons, in the baggage train of the conquering Allies; his real significance would thus have been obvious, and his attempt to reimpose pre-war society would have collapsed within six months. As it was, by annexing the prestige and dynamic of the Resistance, he was able to return in a spurious atmosphere of national unity, and thus convince the French people – if only for a short time – that a real revolution had taken place. By the time the men of the Resistance realised they had been cheated it was too late; the mood of change had vanished and the French bourgeoisie was once more in a position to defend itself. Even by the end of 1944, as d'Astier notes, power in France was once more following the pattern of money.

Yet the need for a genuine revolution – not only in French society, but in her conception of her place in the world – remained, and this had led to an astonishing paradox. The Third Republic collapsed because it could not support the international role which Clemenceau and Poincaré foisted on it. De Gaulle not only revived the Republic, he also reimposed the role, in an age when it was still more burdensome. Having set the stage for disaster, he then retired into the wilderness, only to re-emerge, when the consequences of his folly became inescapable, in the guise of a saviour. It is only when the problem is stated in these terms that the real fatuity of recalling de Gaulle becomes apparent. He now proposes to make France's role yet more onerous by elevating her to nuclear status – 'A rank,' as he put it last week, 'to which she is entitled and which she has the capacity to attain'. At this rate, the Fifth Republic is likely to be even shorter-lived than its predecessors.

PAUL JOHNSON

New Novels

The Visitors. By MARY MCMINNIES. *Collins.* 18*s.*

The Branding Iron. By PAUL-ANDRÉ LESORT. Translated by ANTONIA WHITE. *Collins.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Darling Buds of May. By H. E. BATES. *Michael Joseph.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Amélie and Pierre. By HENRI TROYAT. Translated by MARY V. DODGE. *Alvin Redman.* 15*s.*

The Visitors is really far too long. Mrs McMinnies takes a quarter of a million words to tell a story which is slight and in some respects familiar. Milly, the wife of a British diplomat in Poland, discovers that shoe-polish and aspirin can buy their weight in gold on the black market. She trades in them; is found out; nearly ruins her husband's career; loses the American newspaperman she intended to seduce; and is seduced instead by the man who gets her husband's job. Right at the end Milly realises that the only person she loves is her husband, weeps because she feels she has lost him; then suddenly they make up, all is forgiven, and the ship sails away from Poland with Milly and Larry looking into each other's eyes. It was a mistake for Mrs McMinnies to compare Milly with Emma Bovary. Milly is a familiar heroine of the women's magazines: pretty, selfish, but with a heart of gold, no one is more upset than she when she discovers the mischief she has caused. She is a naughty girl, no more. *The Visitors* is written for women and will certainly be enjoyed by them. It has two overwhelmingly attractive features. The cautionary

tale of the pretty woman who sins and is made to suffer a little before returning to the path of virtue is one that can never fail. And then, the ugly, the awkward and the low are treated with cruel derision; this attitude, as the success of other women writers has shown, is well calculated to flatter the ugly, the awkward and the low who make up the mass audience.

The question remains: why a quarter of a million words? Mrs McMinnies tells her story in an old-fashioned way. Every action is accompanied by a detailed analysis, just so that we wouldn't miss the point. And when her characters talk, they talk; and she keeps on interrupting to explain. Also, a good half of *The Visitors* is simple reportage and could have been issued separately as *Cocktails in Cracow, Or Big Brother Watched Me*, divided into neat chapters: My Polish Servant, My Polish Teacher, The Day the Police Arrested Me, A Visit to a Polish Dressmaker, and so on. Mrs McMinnies is an excellent and witty reporter, and I found this part of her book most enjoyable. I wish she had written a straightforward account of her life in Poland. As it is, her reportage swamps her story, which is further weakened because the difference between fact and fiction is so noticeable. But the memory that remains and burns is one of length, unforgivable length.

The Branding Iron is mercifully short. It is in the form of a nine days' diary kept by a woman who intends to kill herself because she is choked by her husband's possessiveness. As she writes, telling herself things she ought to know, she realises that her suicide will be her husband's final triumph, that his selfishness and cruelty have driven her to despair, and that to revenge herself on him she must remain alive. The diary is a clever idea, but it is a distracting idea, and it also helps M. Lesort to avoid all the difficulties of telling a story. He is spared the effort of working out scenes, and can make do with the bald narration of very few incidents. This makes his story thin and a little unreal; just how thin one can see by comparing it with Maugham's *Mrs Craddock* which deals, though at a different level, with the same theme of marital disenchantment.

The Darling Buds of May has a splendid jacket – pink blossom garlanding a milky blue sky. Very suitable too: this is a modern pastoral, a bucolic frolic with a touch of the old Bates every now and then ('I've never been kissed among donkeys before'). The happy-go-lucky Larkin family have never heard of income tax and National Insurance. Pop and Ma can't sign their names, but they eat and drink extraordinarily well, own two television sets, a Rolls-Royce, and can buy a sixty-roomed Georgian mansion. It is never explained where they get the money. An inspector from the Inland Revenue comes, falls in love with the family and their way of life, abandons his E II R briefcase and marries one of the daughters. She looks aristocratic and is a superb horsewoman. Mr Bates is 'identified with the great cause of cheering us all up', but he tries too hard. His characters laugh and talk too loudly; and I have seldom seen, outside a cookery book, so many descriptions of meals per chapter. This, doubtless, is zest and gusto. But Mr Bates behaves like a man trying to get drunk on lemonade. He had a fine idea, but he didn't bother to work it out.

Amélie and Pierre should be read by everyone who is still getting magazine rejection slips. It is 1915 and handsome Pierre, with his hairy chest and hairy stomach, is at the front. In Paris, Amélie, his wife, presides over her café, surrounded by comic laundresses who admire her beauty, her baby, and her virtue. Every sixty pages or so Amélie slips off to the front to sleep with Pierre. Virtue fortified, she returns. She insults a woman who, too lazy to go to the front, has taken a lover in Paris; and refuses to let this woman touch Pierre's baby. Amélie's widowed father receives a shy proposal of marriage from his housekeeper. This drives Amélie to virtuous rage against man-hunters; a stinging letter puts the housekeeper in her place. Amélie continues to visit the front. But virtue has to be tested. A Spanish lodger tries to assault Amélie. Repelled, he confesses that her beauty made him lose his head, begs to be allowed to stay, a distant admirer. He stays. More visits to the front. Then Pierre is wounded and comes home to convalesce. He is too weak to make love. Amélie is considerate. 'The advice of the doctor came back to her: "Be patient. Don't torture him. Don't hurry him".' In time Pierre can make it, and virtue is rewarded. On this obscene but virtuous note this shameless novel ends.

V. S. NAIPAUL

Before Methuselah

History Begins at Sumer. By S. N. KRAMER. *Thames & Hudson.* 35*s.*

Ancient Semitic Civilisations. By SABATINO MOSCATI. *Elek.* 25*s.*

It is just a century since the honest doubters threw Lambeth and Oxford into turmoil, and put themselves out of the running for bishoprics, by questioning the 'evidences' of the Old Testament and the maths in Genesis. What would their persecutors have said to the present taste for books on the early civilisations of the Middle East – to railway bookstalls proffering Penguins full of documentary evidence that Adam's rib and Balaam's ass, Moses's basket and tales of resurrection are literary borrowings of a kind that began as soon as men could write – that is, with Sumer.

Professor Kramer is an American Sumerologist and at once admits that he is the narrowest of specialists. His speciality is an encyclopædic knowledge of the tens of thousands of fragments of Sumerian writing which, by the hazards of competitive excavation, are now dispersed in museums and collections all over the world. Piecing the jigsaws is a life-work so absorbing that his book bases its whole account of Sumerian civilisation on this written material, and skips the more usual evidence based on descriptions of 'digs', art and architecture; in his absorption he hurries on with hardly a glance at his superb plates.

To conjure up Sumerian life from the scripts is, however, a rarer accomplishment, and, for the ordinary reader, no one has yet brought the Sumerians so near. By tradition, they are taken to be a dour people by comparison with the gay Egyptians blessed with a kindly river, benevolent gods and a jolly view of life and the after-life. In fact, the literature here reproduced suggests that even unpredictable rivers, capricious gods and a dreary underworld left the Sumerians with time to laugh, sing, tease and captivate, and to develop a social conscience that is close to that of the New Testament.

Professor Kramer's method of dealing with his subject discloses not only Sumer but the excitements and technicalities of his profession. He conveys the pleasures of the chase after fragments of a tablet or a story; he also invariably gives, first, his deductions and interpretations of the script, and then a translation of the raw material on which they were based. Each reader can be his own Sumerologist, and the only flaws in an excellent and scholarly book are a sad lack of maps and an irritating habit of finishing each chapter with a paragraph of blurb for the next.

Professor Moscati's book, first published in Italian in 1948, takes a wider sweep through the area. It was written because, though there is a plentiful library on the Semitic languages taken as a group, there was no single volume describing all the main semitic peoples – Babylonians, Assyrians, Canaanites, Hebrews, Arameans, Arabs. It reveals how great the debt to Sumer. By comparison with the other, this is a handbook; one of its advantages is that it makes, or prompts, some important social comparisons. Take lawgiving: the mild Babylonians took a leaf out of the Sumerian book; not so the harsh Assyrians. Or empire-building: this was carried on by the Semitic Mesapotamians out of thirst for sheer expansion, with accompaniments such as razed cities and mass deportations. Some of the neighbours did it for other reasons: for instance, the Egyptians in the interests of trade, exacting little beyond tribute, the Hittites in a search for willing allies.

Both books are written mainly for Christian readers, and will excite interest chiefly for the perspective into which they put the Bible as history and literature. But both ought also to appeal to the peoples of the area that they cover. The Hebrews were always writers *par excellence*, and the Israelis, true to form, enjoy plenty of popular books on their origins. Arabic-speakers are less well placed. At present, Nasser's Egypt is so busy proving itself Arab that it seldom goes back beyond Saladin (who was a Kurd, but then the Crusaders were 'the first Anglo-French imperialists'). The Iraqis are different; their students are developing a great taste for research on their ancestry, and ought to enjoy these proofs that it goes back to before Methuselah.

ELIZABETH MONROE

Writers at Work
(Ed.) MALCOLM COWLEY
Interviews with sixteen writers of five countries, including E. M. Forster, Mauriac, Thurber, Moravia, Angus Wilson and Françoise Sagan, in which they frankly discuss their own careers, other people's work, and the problems of writing fiction in the contemporary world.
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" He has passion, a quality so rare in English writing today. . . ."
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15*s.*

Secker & Warburg

—FABER—

Some new Books for the Young

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HUGH WALTERS

The hair-raising sequel to *Blast Off at Woomera*, in which young Chris Godfrey is rocketed once again to the Moon. 13/6

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HENRY TREECE

"With a real-life setting in Lincolnshire, Shropshire and Sark the story becomes a thriller with any amount of tension and action."—BOYS OWN PAPER. 12/6

The Chimneys of Green Knowe
L. M. BOSTON

Another imaginative and unusual story by the author of *The Children of Green Knowe*. With drawings by PETER BOSTON. 13/6

The Incredible Adventures of Don Quixote
ERIC ALLEN

A spirited retelling of Cervantes for children, illustrated with drawings by DAVID KNIGHT. 13/6

Strangers in Carrigmore
META MAYNE REID

"Rich in the magic and mystery of Ireland."—TIMES EDUCATIONAL SUPPLEMENT. "Another happy story [in which] the author has maintained the difficult balance between what is feasible in fact and what is just possible in magic."—JUNIOR BOOKSHELF. With drawings by RICHARD KENNEDY 12/6

Castle of Comfort
LESLIE ATHERTON

"Takes the reader back into history through a door in an old Somerset inn."—MANCHESTER GUARDIAN. "A subtle way of bringing history to life for young readers."—TIMES EDUCATIONAL SUPPLEMENT. With drawings by SHEILA FINDLAY 12/6

The Story of Sculpture
AGNES ALLEN

"A book of considerable charm which contains a very substantial amount of information."—SCHOOLMASTER. "Agnes Allen's approach is especially helpful, for she stimulates interest in the visual as well as the historical aspect of sculpture."—TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT. *With 30 photographs and 83 drawings.* 15/-

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Five new titles have been added to this successful series, all fully illustrated. SOCCER by T. Loftus-Tottenham (8/6); LAWN TENNIS by Gerard Walter (8/6); BIRD WATCHING by Richard Fitter (7/6); ACTING by Kenneth Nuttall (8/6); ASTRONOMY by Patrick Moore (8/6).

CHILDREN'S BOOKS

Stories and Fables

The Wonderful O. By JAMES THURBER. *Hamish Hamilton.* 12s. 6d.

Jim at the Corner. By ELEANOR FARJEON. *Oxford.* 9s. 6d.

Tim and Lucy Go to Sea. By EDWARD ARDIZZONE. *Oxford.* 10s. 6d.

Monsters and Marlinspikes. By HUGH POPHAM. *Hart-Davis.* 13s. 6d.

Pepe Moreno and the Roller Skates. By ERIC ALLEN. *Faber.* 9s. 6d.

Mouse House. By RUMER GODDEN. *Macmillan.* 10s. 6d.

Tistou of the Green Fingers. By MAURICE DRUON. *Hart-Davis.* 15s.

Mr Thurber, like Shakespeare, is good at pretty well everything except magic. His new story has a Treasure Island beginning, with a pub and a map and a parrot, and a villainous crew in search of buried wealth. Littlejack ('he carried no crutch for he had two legs') and one Black are in command. We settle down to a windlass and cutlass affair, borne along on the high astounding terms of Mr Thurber's narrative.

Then Black changes the whole thing by revealing that he hates the letter O. (Black's mother was once stuck in a porthole and they couldn't pull her in, so they had to push her out.) And when they reach treasure island Black sets about taking his revenge against O. Language is purged of the offending vowel, and creatures with an O in their name are persecuted: 'geese were safe as long as one of them did not stray from the rest and become a goose'. The shift to this very Thurberish fantasy is violent, but by no means unpleasing. Unfortunately, a magic book and a fairy castle are called in to rescue the islanders, and the story ends a little tamely.

Magic (so I read the moral) will intrude and weaken interest unless you take care to prepare the ground for it. Dreams are handy for this purpose, as in the case of Jim, the retired sailor in Eleanor Farjeon's book, who sits all day on an orange box at the street corner and tells stories to a pre-war little boy with a nanny and a fairy-cycle. In Jim's first story he had been put in a field, long long ago when he was small himself, to scare the rooks off the peas, and he fell asleep and dreamt he was carried off by a giant rook intent on putting him into a Little Boy Pie – all very nightmarish and in tune with the unnatural doings of catfish and sea-serpents which come afterwards. The author shows professional shrewdness in dropping the dream convention for the rest of the book, because it has served its turn in creating the right atmosphere for magic; and the tall stories continue until the last chapter when Jim goes down to the sea again on his eightieth birthday. This is too moist-eyed for my taste, but the book as a whole – it was first published in 1934 – remains fresh and keen-edged, although tinkling rather timidly beside Mr Thurber's.

As well as providing new illustrations for *Jim at the Corner*, Edward Ardizzone has added to his own Tim series with *Tim and Lucy Go to Sea*. Clean and airy production by the Oxford University Press has got a lot to do with the success of this series, and the latest one is as attractive as the rest. The story is not quite up to Ardizzone's best – I'm comparing it with *The Brave Sea Captain* – because the children have too easy a time of it (they go to sea in a yacht bought by Lucy's guardian, and only token opposition from mutineers disturbs their peace), while the suffering is done by Lucy's governess who was formidable at home and is now reduced by seasickness.

Monsters and Marlinspikes, the fourth nautical book in this batch, is an adventure story laced with whimsy which holds hands under the table with *The Ancient Mariner*. There's a voyage to the Line, a shooting of an albatross ('We are lost and damned'), and a kind of prose balladry ('the sun shone and the breeze blew') which I can't get excited about. The strong side of the book is Mr Popham's energetic narrative supported by nautical terms of art which he uses with authority.

The Spanish scene in Mr Allen's story also carries conviction. He tends to wag a finger at his readers ('in Spain it is usual for young people to be treated rather more tolerantly than in most other countries' – young people will say 'Strictly for the birds' to that one), but the story of poor little shoe-shine boy meeting rich little English business man's daughter is fluent and unsentimental. So are David Knight's illustrations. Mr Knight is a dab hand at the scrawny manner which I suppose Ronald Searle made popular. A lot depends on a kind of chamber-music understanding between author and illustrator, and the reason why I like *Mouse House* is that the crayon drawing, by Adrienne Adams, and the tender little story of a mouse that gets pushed out of its flower-pot home in the cellar go so nicely together. Small children will like it too; but what English children of any age will make of *Tistou* I don't care to guess. It's an anti-war and anti-capitalist fable, Gallic and pointed, about a child who uses his miraculously green fingers to cover slums and prisons with flowers, to heal the sick and reform the wicked, and finally to stop a war. Maurice Druon is a Prix Goncourt winner, and this is his first book for children. It's easy to say that he has misjudged his new public. It's also easy to be wrong about what children will like and what they won't.

JOHN JONES

Young Lives

The Fox in the Island. By HENRI BOSCO. *Oxford.* 10s. 6d.

Emily and the Headmistress. By MARY K. HARRIS. *Faber.* 12s. 6d.

Underground Alley. By WILLIAM MAYNE. *Oxford.* 10s. 6d.

Gangster Pie. By ROBERT MARTIN. *Hutchinson.* 8s. 6d.

Spring School. By LORNA LEWIS. *Bodley Head.* 9s. 6d.

If Wishes were Poodles. By MARJORIE A. SINDALE. *Heinemann.* 12s. 6d.

The concept of 'entertainment' as a means of wasting time bedevils discussion of books, the theatre, the cinema. It is true that a vast number of people find thinking unpleasant: it is equally true that a vast number actually like it. Using one's brain can be a pleasurable activity: and

anyone who has seen children of between, say, 12 and 14, flicking with deadpan countenances through book after book of savourless, ill-written and improbable tales addressed specially to them, will realise how profoundly bored they really are. Three of the novels listed above are works of literary seriousness, intended for the imaginative Alpha Plus: but be a little careful with M. Henri Bosco's *The Fox in the Island*, because it may conceivably scare your imaginative Alpha Plus stiff.

It is a fantasy, with something of the rather uneasy magic of Eleanor Farjeon's *The Fair of St. James's*, though it is far darker than that and far more 'difficult.' Indeed, I am not sure whether it is not one of those books about, rather than for, children, with an appeal primarily adult. The setting is the countryside of Provence, the central characters a young boy and his haunted, desperate gipsy friend, who go in search of a ghost fox on a mysterious island. A bit of *Le Grand Meaulnes*, a bit of Algernon Blackwood: the heady stuff of sorcery, only for the highly intelligent child with a soft spot for his own bad dreams. Being of that school which thinks the Brothers Grimm did precious little harm to anybody, I hope I shall deter no parent from buying M. Bosco.

Emily and the Headmistress is about a small girl whose mother is abroad, and who has to spend her holidays at school. This is a real attempt to draw real children; it is very subtle, beautifully written, and perhaps just a trifle too sad (in tone, rather than in event) to please the hypersensitive. Underlying the attractive story is something like a real sense of tragedy and of adult messiness making havoc of young lives. Emily's mother *is* coming home at last – but one does wonder what sort of feckless disappointment she will turn out to be. I hope a lot of children will like this book, because it will make them think about what human beings are really like: all the same, it will be a wise child who sees how brilliant the sketch is of Myrtle, the girl from Woolworth's, with her stoicism, her sadic affection and her steely sense of honour.

Though realistic on the surface, *Underground Alley* is of the stuff of fantasy. This story of a little girl living on the Welsh border, who discovers a replica of her own street underneath her own cellar, and restores lost treasure and lost reputation to the town on the day of the Prince's visit, is lively and charming and human: and its improbabilities are all legitimate within the particular *genre*. I like Mr Mayne because he, like Miss Harris, pays great attention to characterisation. The great majority of books for children seem to be peopled by cut-outs from breakfast-food cartons.

Gangster Pie somewhat absurdly combines instruction on continental cooking with a gangster yarn. Ginger Pennylove wins an essay prize – which is an invitation to work in a Soho kitchen. So far, so good: but the child capable of switching his attention back and forth with equal weight from omelettes to thugs would have to be pretty schizoid. This book has a good deal of pungency and humour, and is freshly written; it is only the central idea which fails to come off.

Under the disguise of a novel, *Spring School* is a sort of career book, informing teen-agers about the course of training necessary in order to become a Youth Club leader. This, for older girls, provides a love-story; and contains some stern matter about the evil of unofficial strikes. The people are cardboard all through and there is not the least touch of literary imagination. Mind you, such a theme would daunt even the imagination of M Bosco.

If Wishes were Poodles is for dog-lovers, with a good deal of instructive matter thrown in. Two

NELSON

books for future readers of The New Statesman

Continuing **NELSON'S** *10/6*
PICTURE BIOGRAPHIES

Man of the White South
THE STORY OF CAPTAIN SCOTT

by **Admiral Lord Mountevans** who was a midshipman in the battleship *Repulse* when first he encountered Scott, then First Lieutenant of the *Majestic*. He tells a first-hand story from the time when, though really too young for the assignment, he was sent to aid Scott in the *Discovery*.

Father of Railways
THE STORY OF GEORGE STEPHENSON

by **O. S. Nock** who tells the life-story of the colliery fireman's son who, with his own son Robert, designed and built the *Rocket*. Here is Stephenson, as a stripling beating a burly miner in a seven-round fight; as an 'engine doctor'; as an old man refusing a knighthood.

In The Spectator *Stevie Smith said, 'Another history-teller, and a fine one, is Elisabeth Kyle. Two books of hers I recommend wholly:* Queen of Scots, *most loving to Mary yet fair, too, as showing that the poor lady might have been wiser; and* Maid of Orleans, *very good. Both books are exceptionally well and fully illustrated by Robert Hodgson . . . Two further good ones in this Nelson series are* Man of Justice, *by Mary Fitt, as attractive and perceptive a tale of Solon the great law-maker as we should expect from this fine writer and classical scholar, and* Explorer Lost, *by Robert Churchward, being the gorgeous story, gorgeously told, of the mysterious Colonel Fawcett.'*

MAID OF ORLEANS
the story of **Joan of Arc**
by ELISABETH KYLE

QUEEN OF SCOTS
the story of **Mary Stuart**
by ELISABETH KYLE

MAN OF JUSTICE
the story of **SOLON**
by MARY FITT

EXPLORER LOST
the story of **Col. Fawcett**
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Owen Roberts was fifteen when he joined the Gwernal Valley Railway. *Jennie* the engine arrived soon after him, and they grew old together. A story of triumph and trouble, success and failure in the Welsh hills. Illustrated by G. K. Sewell.
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Abbey on the Warpath
ERIC LEYLAND

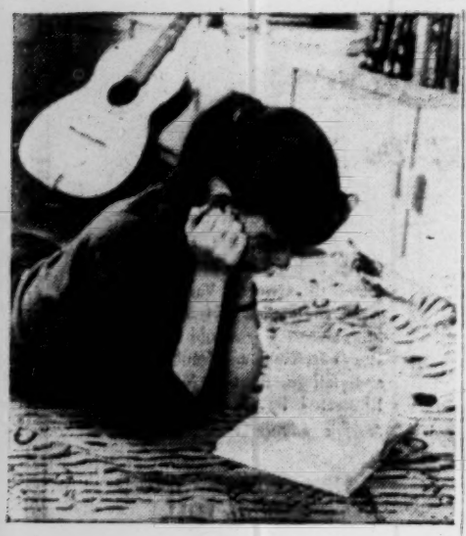
When King's School was burnt down, and the boys were forced to become guests at Brancaster, rivalry between the two schools broke out and a not-so-cold war began. This book is proving as popular as the author's *Conspiracy at Abbey*.
Britannic Series 7s 6d

The Provost's Jewel
ELISABETH KYLE

Walter Macfadyen hopes that Uncle Walt of the New York Special Police will take him back to the U.S.A. to train as a sleuth. But his uncle believes in a boy proving himself.
Britannic Series 7s 6d

Top-Link Locomotives
NORMAN McKILLOP

The author (who also wrote *How I Became an Engine Driver* 6s) was for years on the footplate of *The Flying Scotsman*. Here he takes us on the footplate—even sometimes letting us drive the train ourselves.
15 half-tone plates 12s 6d



New books

The Bodley Head have published a number of new and attractive books since the last *New Statesman* Children's Book Number. For older boys and girls, *Paul Berna*, author of the highly-praised *A Hundred Million Francs*, has written an original and exciting story of space exploration—THRESHOLD OF THE STARS (12s 6d) — which has been translated from the French by John Buchanan-Brown and illustrated by Geraldine Spence. Another thrilling novel of the future is THE FUTURE TOOK US (Illus. 10s 6d) by *David Severn*, a story set in the Britain of 3000 A.D. Two 'pony' books next — HORSESHOES AND HANDLEBARS (Illus. 12s 6d) by *M. E. Atkinson*, which tells of two rival cross-country expeditions, one on horseback and the other by bicycle; and THE HEAVENLY CARTHORSE (Illus. 10s 6d) by *Esmé Hamilton*, a charming Irish story in which Paddy and Mary Reilly train their carthorse, Dan, for the local jumping competitions. *Henry Garnett's* new historical novel, GAMBLE FOR A THRONE (Illus. 12s 6d), is being widely and favourably reviewed. It is the thrilling tale of the Penruddock Rising against Cromwell and the part played in it by young Jeremy Rushwick. And finally two books for the younger reader. THE BLUE DAY (7s 6d) by *René Guillot*, although only published in March, has already been reprinted. It is a delightful story about a little Dutch doll, and it has been translated from the French by Gwen Marsh and illustrated by Margery Gill. And LET'S DO SOME GARDENING (Illus. 7s 6d) by *Anthony Parker* is a clear and simple guide for the young beginner.

Bodley Head

BOOKS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

girls acquire a poodle, rear him, show him, and are horrified when the unpleasant blackmailing owner turns up to demand either dog or financial compensation. This is unimaginative and cliché-ridden: only the child who can work up a real enthusiasm for Bogey's chances in the Open Bitch Class should be given this one, and even so, it might be better to nudge her into using more of her brains than Miss Sindall asks of her.

PAMELA HANSFORD JOHNSON

Action and Character

The Man from Devil's Island. By ARTHUR CALDER-MARSHALL. *Hart-Davis.* 15*s.*

Down River. By RICHARD CHURCH. *Heinemann.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Threshold of the Stars. By PAUL BERNA. *Bodley Head.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Shadow on the Wall. By VIOLA BAYLEY. *Dent.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Four Odd Ones. By MERIOL TREVOR. *Collins.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Don't Expect Any Mercy. By HENRY TREECE. *Faber.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

There used to be more well-written books which a teenager could share with his parents – by Buchan, Conan-Doyle, Rider Haggard. I suppose the corresponding things nowadays are the war or escape story and the science novel. This is a pity, for there was something about even Ian Hay, Sapper and P. C. Wren for which it is hard to find the equivalent. All the more welcome, therefore, is Arthur Calder-Marshall's good and unusual story of the adventures of two boys and a girl in Trinidad twenty years ago. It has plenty of incident, intelligent characterisation and authentic background. I commend it especially, however, for its handling of adolescent psychology. It is this which will earn for *The Man from Devil's Island* the interest and approval of adults as well as sensitive teenagers. The three children are normal – not delinquents or unloved misfits – and it is encouraging that a good writer should consider the offspring of ordinary middle-class professional people interesting. The same might be said of Arthur Ransome's adolescents, but Mr Calder-Marshall is more interested in emotional relationships. The characterisation in Richard Church's *Down River* is less subtle, but still convincing. This is a story for and about boys only. It concerns the exploration of a cave in the West Country, a subject of which Thomas Hardy's *Our Exploits at West Poley* is the classic. Mr Church, however, introduces not merely rival gangs of boy explorers but also smugglers, and the inherent improbability of his story is well camouflaged by the atmospheric and descriptive touches which one would expect from such a practised narrator. This is, in short, a thoroughly professional job, and one which will win enthusiastic admirers.

Threshold of the Stars, by Paul Berna, is also strictly all-male, and is concerned with life on an interplanetary research station in France. M. Berna is an intelligent writer, and it is to his credit that he has managed his essentially intractable material with such success. Space fiction is liable, in the absence of genuine excitement, to lead to inflated sensationalism – sheer fantasy heightened by cooked-up thrills. M. Berna comes, however, from the same stock as Jules Verne. What keeps his story alive is not, strictly speaking, scientific interest, but a realistic background of human relations. The officers, technicians and boys who people the research station are well-drawn; and the hopes and fears of the boys provide a thread of suspense somewhat lacking from the more abstract concerns of the lunar technicians. The tale has been well translated by John Buchanan-Brown, but Miss Geraldine Spence as illustrator seems for once rather out of her element.

The question of inherent improbability doesn't worry Miss Viola Bayley, who has competently contrived a mystery story of skulduggery in an idyllic lakeside setting. The characters are sharply divided into goodies and baddies, and all comes right in the end, with a marriage between a millionaire's nephew and the blue-eyed, red-haired heroine who comes straight from the front cover of a women's magazine. But who wants probability in a fairy-tale? The children are just ordinary children, except that they are the best of friends all the time; the farm in Worcestershire is every child's dream home; and the Lake District wouldn't disappoint the most impressionable reader of travel brochures. *Four Odd Ones* (what a silly title!) is a combined travelogue and teenage fairy-tale of greater distinction. Meriol Trevor is earning herself a reputation for well-written and original adventure stories, and this new one is perhaps her best. The heroine lives in Birmingham with one of those formidable but surprisingly accommodating aunts who are so often *in loco parentis* in junior fiction; and she is suddenly whisked away to stay with her uncle who, naturally enough, is an Italian prince. The Italian background is enchanting. Quite apart from the mystery of the stolen painting, which is well recounted, I can imagine no better book than this to whet the appetite of any teenager fortunate enough to be going to Italy.

Don't Expect Any Mercy has one advantage over the rest of the books at present under review – it moves very fast. Atmosphere has been sacrificed to action. Mr Treece is at his best in melodrama and dialogue, at his least convincing in description, where a certain journalistic carelessness – an aptitude for approximation rather than precision – shows up most conspicuously. He is wise, therefore, to concentrate on action, and this new episode in the career of Gordon Stewart, General Investigator, is well up to standard. This is the kind of book which may tempt boys who have hitherto only read comics to read books. To anyone who has had to cope with this problem this is no mean recommendation.

JAMES REEVES

Good Examples

Men Who Fought for Freedom. By EGON LARSEN. *Phoenix.* 15*s.*

Six Great Thinkers. By AUBREY DE SELINCOURT. *Hamish Hamilton.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Fridtjof Nansen. By FRANCIS NOEL-BAKER. **Elizabeth Garrett Anderson.** By JO MANTON. **George and Robert Stephenson.** By JAMES A. WILLIAMSON. *Black.* 6*s.* 6*d. each.*

Exploring Villages. By JOSCELYNE FINBERG. *Routledge.* 28*s.*

Lives are six a penny, and I always mistrust the wholesale dealers in them, equally ready to take on Caligula and the Prince Consort. Mr Larsen and Mr de Selincourt between them have already bagged more victims that the late Emil Ludwig. However, *Men who Fought for Freedom* is certainly a remarkable book, and two twelve-year-olds to whom I showed this batch at once picked it out as the best. The subjects are: William Penn, Lafayette, Bolivar, the Tol-

puddle Martyrs, Sun Yat Sen, Masaryk, Hans Scholl and his fellow students who opposed Hitler at Munich in 1943, a group of Israelis who were parachuted into Europe during the war, and Mahatma Gandhi. It is clear at once that the things these people fought for were highly various, and the author wisely does not try to draw them together by distorting them to fit any positive concept of freedom. What they have in common actually is that they fought against oppression, and the story of each fight is clearly, vigorously and very movingly told. The limitation of the book is simply that the author in no case makes possible the least understanding of the oppressors; he uses plain black and white, yet it is fairly important that adolescents should know that things are not always quite so simple.

Six Great Thinkers is altogether more easy-going. Its subjects (Socrates, St Augustine, Bacon, Rousseau, Coleridge and Mill) have been chosen partly because they were influential, partly because their lives were picturesque, which are very good reasons, since both points serve to make Thinkers acceptable and memorable to those nervous of Thought. Mr de Sélincourt writes useful and lively biographies of his six, and relates them to all the available Figures and Movements of Lit. Hist. No actual Thinking goes on between his covers. When, for instance, he can no longer stave off discussing the *Social Contract*, he observes merely that 'it is much less interesting than *Emile* to a modern reader'. Also he believes every word of Rousseau's *Confessions*, an exhausting feat. All the same, he manages to purvey a lot of interesting facts, and does it quite without that depressing air of veneration which so often undermines confidence in lives written especially for the young. Both these books are attractively produced and properly illustrated with portraits.

The admirable 'Lives to Remember' series has scored three more hits, all well and unobtrusively written and decorated with quite attractive little drawings, really good value at the price. Nansen's in particular is a story which cannot be too often told in an age of increasing specialization. That such a splendid great rumbustious Viking should not only be a successful explorer and a careful scientist *and* a wise and influential statesman, but even an ambassador, is one of those facts which are permanently encouraging. In particular that two-man dash for the Pole, even though it failed, still impresses me, as a piece of human inpudence, more than dozens of more elaborate expeditions. Francis Noel-Baker tells the story quite plainly as it deserves; the book should please anyone over ten who has the least appreciation of adventure. Elizabeth Garrett Anderson is also in her quieter way a good subject. One of the least militant and most human of the early feminists, she is always having to apologise to sterner colleagues, now for being on friendly terms with the men students ('It does seem wrong to treat them all as one's natural enemies') now for becoming engaged ('I do hope you will not think I have meanly deserted my post') yet she fought it out as fiercely as any of them. The Stephenson story is a good one too, though here it has only just enough pictures – dumb though I am at machinery, I find the development from George Stephenson's first curious spindly contraptions to genuine engines quite entrancing, and would like to see it more clearly illustrated. It is excellently told, and should do well for any boy who has got the hang of crank axles, slip eccentrics, etc., and who is not too absorbed in space ships.

Exploring Villages is an excellent and serious book with a much wider subject than its title

RUMER GODDEN

Mouse House

A delightful companion to Rumer Godden's *Mousewife* and to *Impunity Jane* and *The Fairy Doll*. *Enchanting illustrations.* 10s 6d

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Dawks and the Duchess

Another exciting story about the three Peyton children and their pet jackdaw. 9s 6d

ERIC LINKLATER

Karina With Love

'A charmingly told story with some of the most lovely photographs I have ever seen.'—*Young Elizabethan.* 59 *photographs* 15s.

MARGOT BENARY

Blue Mystery

'Like all her work, it is picturesque and imaginative.'—*Daily Telegraph.* *Illustrated* 9s 6d

E. C. SPYKMAN

The Wild Angel

Further frolics of the Cares children of *A Lemon and a Star*. 'Brilliant success.'—*Glasgow Herald.* *Illustrated* 10s 6d

WINEFRIDE NOLAN

David and Jonathan

'An earnest, convincing story of a Roman Catholic family in Jacobean England.'—*Daily Telegraph.* 10s 6d

JANE OLIVER

Bonfire in the Wind

'A stirring tale of Border history . . . adventurous and colourful.'—*Liverpool Daily Post.* *Illustrated* 12s 6d

FARLEY MOWAT

Lost in the Barrens

'A first rate adventure story full of drama.'—*Junior Bookshelf.* *Illustrated* 12s 6d

CAPTAIN FRANK KNIGHT

He Sailed with Blackbeard

'Quite the best seafaring story to come my way for months.'—*Manchester Guardian.* 'Clipper' series. *Illustrated* 12s 6d

ROGER PILKINGTON

The Missing Panel

'This author couldn't write a dull book to save his life.'—*Young Elizabethan.* *Illustrated* 12s 6d

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JOSEPH SCHULL

The Salt-Water Men

Thrilling sea tales of Canada's 'bluenose clippers' and the iron men who sailed them. *Illustrated* 12s 6d

THOMAS RADDALL

The Rover

A stirring story of *The Rover* and her crew on the Spanish Main. *Illustrated* 12s 6d

MACMILLAN

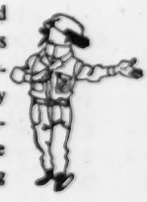
May we introduce

TINTIN

Tintin and Snowy are coming to Britain at last. The creations of the Belgian cartoonist **Hergé**, they are characters in a strip cartoon, *The Adventures of Tintin*. But this is a strip cartoon with a difference, characterised by fine draughtsmanship and remarkably accurate detail. In each book of the series, over 700 pictures in full colour accompanied by some 8,000 words of dialogue narrate the stories of Tintin, the intrepid boy reporter, Snowy his faithful dog, and their companions.

On the continent Tintin has an enormous vogue, and the books appear in nine languages. His adventures appeal to children as young as 7 and as old as . . . well, even adults are among his most devoted admirers.

In a BBC talk Olivier Todd remarked of Hergé: 'His contribution to literature is one of the best antidotes against all the crude comics that are sold by the million . . . The albums are packed with practical information. Within the ordinary framework of classical adventure they make the universe an exciting, happy hunting ground.'



The first two books, to be published on July 24, are **The Crab with the Golden Claws** and **King Ottokar's Sceptre** at 8/6 each. Look out for them at your bookshop.

METHUEN

suggests; it opens up the historical background of everything in a village from the pub to the piggeries. Combined with perseverance and a bicycle it ought – though written for adults – to provide a most liberal education for a thoughtful child.

MARY SCRUTTON

Realism and Romance

The Axe of Bronze. By KURT SCHMELTZER. *Constable.* 10s. 6d.

The Rover. By THOMAS H. RADDALL. *Macmillan.* 12s. 6d.

The Golden Promise. By EDITH H. BLACKBURN. *Abelard-Schuman.* 12s. 6d.

David and Jonathan. By WINEFRIDE NOLAN. *Macmillan.* 10s. 6d.

Gamble for a Throne. By HENRY GARNETT. *Bodley Head.* 12s. 6d.

More Strange People: 1714-1760. By PHILIP RUSH. *Hutchinson.* 9s. 6d.

Children's books about the past should be both real and romantic, since children want adventure but have a shrewd grasp of reality. Mr Schmeltzer has made a successful and original combination of the two in his book, *The Axe of Bronze*, which is the best of the bunch under review. His heroes are three boys in a Late Stone Age village of 'darkheads'; the next door village is inhabited by 'narrowheads' who work in bronze; the story centres pedagogically round the confrontation of the two civilisations, and romantically round the gift of a bronze axe to one of the boys, its theft by another, and the election of the third to the priesthood: the climax comes at midsummer on Stonehenge when the old priest of the darkheads dies acknowledging that the use of bronze is not contrary to the will of the gods. Mr Schmeltzer makes use of anthropology as well as archæology to bring the background of his story to life; his central characters are both outlandish and vivid.

Two transatlantic books about the sea, and two English novels about the Stuarts are more conventional. The sea stories reflect national sentiment: *The Rover* lauds Canadian virtues of toughness in defence of the motherland. The subject is privateering in the Napoleonic wars; the main story is a small privateer's fight against a big Spanish schooner: a brilliant action whose excitement is only dimmed by explanations in artificial dialogue – 'a gun fight'd take time, and time's precious stuff out here clear o' land'. Boys too young for Hornblower's intellectual approach will (the author hopes) identify themselves with young Henry Godfrey in the powder magazine, but this is too clearly a contrivance, and boys of this age are unlikely to share Mr Raddall's historical interest in the less adventurous side of privateering. In *The Golden Promise* Mrs Blackburn is similarly preoccupied by economic history, and her thoughts on the morality of industrial expansion are expressed in still less convincing dialogue – '"Organisation and co-operation seem the only practical answer," the lawyer put in smoothly. "Gentlemen, I think you will never regret this, financially or ethically. It's progress"'. A New York river steamer in the 1850s escapes seizure for debt by sailing round Cape Horn to California, where it makes money by ferrying gold prospectors from San Francisco to Sacramento. A boy, Alec McTaggart, is aboard, enjoys the excitements, but comes to realise that his dearest wish is to learn how to make ship's boilers so that they do not blow up, and he goes back from the frenzied West to learn engineering. The book is rather clumsy and sententious; but the glimpse of the great American myth is a good one.

Both the Stuart novels are based on Catholic families – the one recusants under James I, the other Cavaliers under the Protectorate. The heroes of *David and Jonathan* are boys, but it is perhaps more of a girl's book since the central struggle is psychological: can the sensitive boy dare not to be a coward? And can his extrovert chum command the patience to become a priest? These themes are, unfortunately, not very well explored; the adventures are too sparse and too domestic; the effort is well intentioned, but a little lifeless. Mr Henry Garnett's *Gamble for a Throne*, on the other hand, is full of moving incident and masculine life. The heroes are hardly children – one, indeed, is old enough to inspire some pawky love interest – but the central figure is recognisably and sympathetically adolescent; and other characters – the evil Roundhead, the mild and magnificent father, the rough old soldier – are suitably caricatured to excite a young imagination.

Mr Rush sidesteps the difficulty of mixing romance and reality in fiction by relating stories of real eighteenth-century people. His *More Strange People* are lively and odd. There is Peter the wild boy, and Topham the strong man; two fascinating transvestists; two violent criminals (one a Lord), a cheat, and a gentleman gipsy; two excellent intellectuals – Cruden of the Concordance and Cavendish of the (later) laboratory; a Methodist prison visitor, and a neurotic boy who deliberately had himself executed for treason. Mr Rush tends to be facetious and to moralise; but his book is intelligent and humane. All these books are illustrated, none of them very well. The better the book, however, the better the pictures.

C. S. BENNETT

HEINEMANN

BOOKS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

Richard Church

DOWN RIVER

A story of boys who explore the deep limestone caverns of the Severn estuary, where they stumble on a smuggler's cache, and meet a rival gang of boy explorers.
Illustrated by Lawrence Irving. 12s. 6d.

Blue Dragon Days

MABEL ESTHER ALLAN

The story of an eighteen-year-old girl working for a travel agency in Italy, whose life became more and more complicated when she fell in love with the cousin she was forbidden to know. 10s. 6d.

If Wishes Were Poodles

MARJORIE SINDALL

Helen longed more than anything to be a kennel-maid, and her chance finally came in the shape of a thoroughbred miniature poodle called Bogey.
Illustrated. 12s. 6d.

Nature

Kelpie, a Scottish Sheep-dog. By CECILIA KNOWLES. *Evans.* 10s. 6d.

The Brumby. By MARY ELWYN PATCHETT. *Lutterworth.* 10s. 6d.

See Through the Jungle. By MILLICENT SELSAM. *Constable.* 9s. 6d.

See Through the Sea. By MILLICENT SELSAM and BETTY MORROW. *Constable.* 9s. 6d.

How to Make a Home Nature Museum. By VINSON BROWN. *Faber.* 12s. 6d.

In Garden, Field and Pond. By JILL NORMAN. *Hutchinson.* 9s. 6d.

Rufa the Wood Ant. By RAY PALMER. *Nelson.* 6s.

The only sure way for an adult to judge children's books is by reading them and then – if he can do it – remembering; or else – if he's managed it – understanding the child. The following books fall into three kinds: fictional stories based on actual skills – horse training, shepherding with dogs, etc.; useful knowledge and things to do – pond life, make your own museum, etc.; and 'biographies' where the sea or an ant is approached as an imaginary confidante might approach the Russians or Sir Winston. The factual contents are, of course, up to date. None of the books is well written, some are plain dull, a couple frankly mawkish and not to be bought.

Kelpie tells in adequate prose how a sheepdog is trained by a young boy. Unhappily the documentary elements in the book escape from the imagined setting. One feels sure that a child will note this split – 'here comes a bit of information', 'now for an adventure involving the information', and so on. If the proposed reader is mad about dogs and lives in the country, the book will do. *The Brumby* concerns the colt of a white stallion and a feral mare: a wild killing horse loved and protected by Joey, the son of a poor Australian farmer. There are a number of dramatic ups and downs; essentially, though, the story is corny, the animals full of implausible human characteristics. The blurb states that the book will 'appeal to both adults and children'. Here is an example of the prose: 'As the Phoenix rose on fiery, red-golden tongues of flame as from a bed of naked sword blades, so the silver horses that galloped on the plain seemed spawned from the cold fire of the moonlight.' Well?

Unoriginal as it is, the information given in *See Through the Jungle* and *See Through the Sea* (for younger children) is good, but the tone of both books is patronising. Very much the determined and dutiful young mother passing on scraps of knowledge in which she is not very interested, really. The illustrations are poor; that is to say, they are heavily stylised but carelessly drawn. The blurb says 'artistic prose and brilliant pictures which make this trip such fun to take'. If the interest is present already, *How To Make a Home Nature Museum* is well worth giving. The style is clear and modest, the plans for making showcases and mountings, precise and simple. Mr Brown's attitude is that of a scientist talking to scientists about various basic and accepted things. He is inclined to be a shade heavy-handed, so I doubt if the book will actually plant anything. *In Garden, Field and Pond*, which has careful and informative line drawings by the author, is the best-looking of this batch, and the easiest to read, stylistically and typographically. It is devoted to invertebrates, and covers a wide

Harrap Books

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

Two books for young travellers

Uniform with *We Go to Paris, We Go to Denmark, We Go to Holland, We Go to Wales,* etc. *Each illustrated and with map.*

We Go to Rome 9s. 6d.

MARY DUNN

We Go to Switzerland 9s. 6d.

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"The competent and widely read WE GO series" —*Times Literary Supplement*

French Railways of Today

VIVIAN ROWE This book, for boys of all ages, touches on every aspect of French railways, including marshalling yards, and the major signal installations. "Fascinating."—*Liverpool Post.* "A 'must' for the enthusiast's bookshelf."—*Birmingham Mail.* *Illustrated.* 10s. 6d.

The Young Rider through the Ages

DOROTHY MARGARET STUART

This companion to *The Boy Through the Ages* (9th imp.) and *The Girl Through the Ages* depicts boys and girls as Young Riders from Greek and Roman times to our own day. "Interesting, informative, and well illustrated."—*Liverpool Post.* *Illustrated.* 12s. 6d.

Grenfell of Labrador

GEORGE W. PUMPHREY Gives a lively account of Grenfell's fight to establish a much-needed welfare service among the Labrador fishermen. "Capital illustrated biography."—*British Weekly.* "Vividly described"—*Eastern D. Press.* *Illustrated.* 9s. 6d

The Book of American Frontier History

PHILIP WILDING "Interesting historical study of pioneering days." —*Glasgow Bulletin. Fully illustrated, including colour plates.* 15s.

The Horsemasters

DON STANFORD This junior novel presents a true picture of life and work in a famous English riding school. SHEILA WILLCOX: "One learns a great deal from this book." *Illustrated.* 10s. 6d.

Midas and the Marshall Family

MARIE THORNDYCK An up-to-date story of London children whose efforts to amuse themselves nearly always end disastrously (July 21). *Illustrated.* 9s. 6d.

The Coal-Scuttle Bonnet

E. K. SETH-SMITH'S historical story

"Well told and full of incident. She has a lovely feeling for period. . . Definitely an author to watch out for."—NOEL STREATFEILD, *Elizabethan.* By the author of *At the Sign of the Gilded Shoe, The Black Tower, etc.* *Illustrated.* 9s. 6d.

SNAIL AND THE PENNITHORNES NEXT TIME

By Barbara Willard

Illustrated by Geoffrey Fletcher

Snail and the Pennithornes was described by Barbara Euphan Todd on the B.B.C. as 'a perfectly lovely book'. This time Snail and Meg and Richard spend their holiday on a narrow-boat meandering along the inland waterways of England.

10s. 6d. *net*

H. L. GEE'S STORY BOOK

A splendid compendium of reading matter for the twelve-year-old by this favourite writer.

With Coloured Plates. 8s. 6d. *net*

DAVID JOHN

By Edith Fraser

Illustrated by Olive Coughlan

These are stories about a little boy who is too young to go to school.

7s. 6d. *net*

MR. TWINK AND THE KITTEN MYSTERY

By Freda Hurt

Illustrated by Nina Scott Langley

Mr. Twink, that inscrutable half-Siamese cat detective, and Sergeant Boffer, the policeman's faithful dog, are becoming part of that world which is inhabited by the Water Rat, Mr. Toad and Mole, and Peter Rabbit.

7s. 6d. *net*

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Worth Waiting For!

No boys and girls book supplement would be complete without news of a new William book and a new book by **Malcolm Saville.** There are, of course, plenty of William books by **Richmal Crompton** (30 to be precise) and plenty of Lone Pine books by Malcolm Saville (10 to be precise) at this very moment for your holiday reading but make a note of the brand new ones to be published in September.

THE SECRET OF THE GORGE
Malcolm Saville 10s. 6d.

WILLIAM'S TELEVISION SHOW
Richmal Crompton 10s. 6d.

GEORGE NEWNES LIMITED
Tower House · Southampton Street · London, W.C.2

BLACKIE

The Arabian NIGHTS

A new version and a new selection of those immortal tales by Amabel Williams-Ellis, superbly illustrated by Pauline Baynes. 18/- *net*

The Amazing MR. WHISPER

Things are not as they seem. The Old World still exists, although forgotten, and here the curtain is lifted at one corner for a moment on the world of the Little People. By Brenda Macrow. 10/6 *net*

THE SHOEMAKER'S DAUGHTER

The orphan who runs away into the forest of Nowhere to find a name for herself, and with her companions puts an end to the evil music-maker on the mountain of Dread. A fascinating story by Gwyneth M. Vacher. 9/6 *net*

MISS PICKERELL GOES TO MARS

MISS PICKERELL & THE GEIGER COUNTER

Ellen MacGregor's lovable character is still devoted to her pet cow but other things keep happening. each 9/6 *net*

SEEKERS and FINDERS

Scientific books for the young and curious.

By AMABEL WILLIAMS-ELLIS

Each 6/- net. **They Dared to Ask Questions**
Magic, Science and Invention
You Yourself

Each 7/6 net. **The Unknown Ocean**
Man and the Good Earth (Oct.)
Engines, Atoms and Power

section of fabulous insects, Tumblebugs, Umbrella Ants, Damsel Flies, etc.

Mr Palmer humanises his ants; 'Bombus' is his heroine, 'Rufa' his industrious hero. The book contains a few facts. For the most part he is concerned to indoctrinate the reader with flabby moral notions carried over from the crudest acceptance of contemporary adult prejudice. In *Rufa the Wood Ant* he takes three types of ant and describes their lives in terms of human social conflict. There are the grey ants and the wood ants who are industrious, law-abiding, reasonable citizens; on the other hand are the 'blood-red Robber Ants' who are 'clever and cunning' but 'not really intelligent'; who take slaves to work for them in raids of 'senseless brutality'. The blurb announces that relations between these two groups 'provide parallels with human history at the present day'; happily Mr Palmer has the Red Robbers destroyed by fire in the end. A bad piece of propaganda.

CHRISTOPHER LOGUE

New career novels are *Robin Martin of the Royal Navy* (by Captain St John Cronyn), *District Nurse Carter* (Laurence Meynell), *Joanna in Advertising* (Stella Dawson), *Bob in Local Government* (Duncan Taylor) and *The Lamberts Choose the Law* (Michael Thomas) – all Chatto and Windus, 8s. 6d.; and Laurence Meynell's *Young Architect* (Oxford, 10s. 6d.). New Antelope Books (Hamish Hamilton, 6s. 6d. each), designed for young children to read themselves, are David Severn's *Green-Eyed Gryphon*, John Pudney's *Crossing the Road*, Reginald Taylor's *Andy and the Water Crossing* and Norman Dale's *House Where Nobody Lived*.

Junior Round-Up

Facts

Children who like their information neat are well catered for in Methuens Outlines, which aim to draw a child into a subject in which he will want to go much further by himself; so they back their well-illustrated surveys with lists of further reading. The three latest Outlines are Eve Pownall's *Exploring Australia*, R. R. Sellman's *Prehistoric Britain*, and Patrick Moore's *Solar System* (10s. 6d. each). Though the photographs on the covers of Lutterworth's 'Portraits of the Nations' series (10s. 6d. each) suggest a more picturesque approach, the text is aimed at the same kind of serious reader: *Greece and Her People* (by Theodore Gianakoulis) gives an excellent idea of the Greek view of life as well as an outline of Greek history; *Canada and Her People*, by Frances Aileen Ross, keeps a firm grip of economic and social realities. Patrick Moore's *Your Book of Astronomy* (Faber, 8s. 6d.) seems to be aimed at a rather younger reader. So, too, are the Routledge 'How' series (10s. 6d. each), which mix in a good deal of chat with their expositions of *How Mountains are Climbed* (by Showell Styles) and *How a Ballet is Produced* (by Joan Selby-Lowndes). Sir Harry Melville's *Big Molecules* (Bell, 15s.) is the text of his Royal Society Christmas Lectures given to an audience of children: it seems well adapted to meet the needs of the conscientious non-scientific parent. Conversely, Charles Gibson's *Story of the Ship* (Abelard-Schuman, 21s.), though intended for the general reader, would be just on the target for a child who prefers to go direct to the grown-up shelves for his information. John Merrett's *Three Miles Deep* (Hamish Hamilton, 12s. 6d.) is a business-like account of the laying of the Atlantic cables; Isabel Barclay's *Great Age of Discovery* (Dobson, 10s. 6d.), a rather more breathless and personalised account of explorers from Henry the Navigator to Champlain. ('Pizarro stood as if thinking the matter over. "Very well", he said at last . . .')

Re-tellings and Reprints

For his *Old Greek Fairy Tales* (Bell, 12s. 6d.) Roger Lancelyn Green has separated the essential fairy-tale element in the stories of Midas, Danae and so on from the later accretions of literature, and told them in the traditional idiom of 'Once upon a time'. Other collections are Joseph Jacobs's *Celtic Fairy Tales* and Leslie Bonnet's *Chinese Fairy Tales* (Muller, 12s. 6d. each); Barbara Leonie Picard's *German Hero-Sagas and Folk-Tales* (Oxford, 15s.); a Children's Illustrated Classic of *Hans Andersen* with a new translation by R. Spink (Dent, 10s. 6d.) and Vol. III of the World Edition of *Hans Andersen* (Edmund Ward, 12s. 6d.). Eric Allen has made a very lively story of the *Incredible Adventures of Don Quixote* (Faber, 13s. 6d.).

New editions of children's books include Masefield's *Midnight Folk* and *Box of Delights* (Heinemann, 15s. each), Mary Norton's *The Borrowers* and Stephen Fennimore's *Bush Holiday* (Puffin Books, 2s. 6d. each) and *Tom Brown's Schooldays* (Macmillan, 4s.). Three books of Eleanor Farjeon's rhymes, illustrated by John and Isobel Morton Sale – *Cherrystones*, *The Mulberry Bush*, *The Starry Floor* – are now issued in one called *Then there were Three* (Michael Joseph, 18s.).

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FROM ALL BOOKSELLERS

No Cross-Bow

The Wandering Albatross. By WILLIAM JAMESON. *Hart-Davis.* 16s.

Admiral Sir William Jameson first saw a Wandering Albatross one day in 1940, while his ship the *Ark Royal* was lying in wait for the *Graf Spee* south of the Cape of Good Hope. Waiting was wearying and sea and sky were empty when the wanderer came, so that the sight of the 12-foot span of white wings carving and swooping through the vast desolation of wave and cloud ceiling made an impact that endured beyond its moment. His second sight of an albatross was not less memorable: 'I ran up echoing steel ladders to the deck and saw the bird again, much further off now, on rigid, motionless wings skimming close above the water. It turned into the wind, soared up 40 or 50 feet, banked towards us and swooped down to pass across the wake 100 yards astern. So high was its speed that in a few seconds it was far away; hidden altogether as it followed the trough of the swell; a flashing white cross against the deep blue sea as it banked and rose'.

Now, some seventeen years after his imagination was first stirred, Sir William has published a short popular monograph on the Wandering Albatross, bringing together a synopsis, as it were, of most previous recorded fact, besides a entirely fascinating chapter of new research into the aerodynamics of its amazing flight. This chapter is illustrated by diagrams that achieve the fluidity of a cinematograph, and almost set in motion the magnificent still photographs of albatrosses on the wing. In all there are 23 photographs, of which three of the finest are acknowledged to the Duke of Edinburgh.

Sir William has made use of many works of previous natural historians, the most notable being Dr Harrison Matthews and Niall Rankin; there is a discussion of albatross fable, and a comprehensive bibliography. In a work clearly designed to stimulate interest in one of the greatest bird wonders of the world it is perhaps a pity that no verse from Roy Campbell's poem *The Albatross* should have found a niche, for he shared with Sir William the awe and fascination that the Wandering Albatross has stirred in a few – very diverse – minds. This awe and sense of splendour is ever-present in Sir William's book, and even when presenting scientific fact he avoids dryness. No one with any feeling for natural beauty can find this book dull.

GAVIN MAXWELL

Week-end Competition

No. 1,480 **Set by Buzfuz**

A cat, we are told, may look at a king. Competitors are invited to supply an extract from a book on Etiquette for the Animal World. Limit – 150 words. Entries by 22 July.

Result of No. 1,477 **Set by Brian Hill**

The usual prizes are offered for a translation of the following verse by Florian:

Un roi de Perse, certain jour,
Chassait avec toute sa cour.
Il eut soif, et dans cette plaine
On ne trouvait point de fontaine.
Près de là seulement était un grand jardin
Rempli de beaux cédrats, d'oranges, de raisin:
'A Dieu ne plaise que j'en mange!'
Dit le roi; 'ce jardin courrait trop de danger:
Si je me permettais d'y cueillir une orange,
Mes vizirs aussitôt mangeraient le verger'.

Report

Scanning the numerous entries I wondered if I had specified a modern rendering of Florian's fable, so many 'contemporary' versions met my eye. 'A' turned the King into a Trades Union leader: –

My Committee drinks like a fish.
If I took but a small amount
They'd say 'what's the odds?
There's the expense account' –

while Leo Spero's Movie Czar needed 40 lines for his story. A woman was the quarry put up by Ronald Balaam and J. A. Lindon; H. M. B. Stewart – one of several schoolboy competitors – pictured a hunt for oil; and G. R. M. made amusing play with an army exercise. Entries in Scots by W. L. Prentice and W. L. Lindsay just failed to score; confusion between *cédrats* and *cèdres* faulted other entries.

It was no easy task to decide between the straightforward translations. A. M. Sayers, I think, just heads the field. He gets two guineas, while a guinea a piece goes to Stanley J. Sharpless, H. A. C. Evans, D. Rothenberg (the best rendering in a modern idiom) and Norman Page (sorry, no room to print). Commended: Adrienne Gascoigne, Geoffrey Nicholson, Apple Tree, John Mitchell, J. E. Cunningham, Miss Pettiward, John Branfield and G. F. C.

A Persian King, intent on sport,
Rode forth one day with all the court.
Thirst overcame him; but around
There was no fountain to be found.
Only nearby a garden stood, whose trees
Bore, amid vines, lemons and oranges.
'Ah, God forbid that I should slake
My thirst!' said he. 'How grave the danger there!
For if a single orange I should take
My retinue would strip the orchard bare.'

A. M. SAYERS

A King of Persia, out for sport,
One day went hunting with his court,
And feeling thirsty, looked in vain
For spring or fountain on the plain.
Nearby, he saw a garden's cool retreat,
With lemons, grapes and oranges replete:
'Lord, tempt me not!'
He said; 'this garden's fate hangs by a hair;
Were I to pick one orange from this plot,
My viziers would eat the orchard bare.'

STANLEY J. SHARPLESS

A Persian king, in search of sport,
One day was hunting with his court;
When he grew parched, they looked in vain:
They found no spring upon the plain,
Only a spacious garden, full of fine
Citron and orange trees, and many a vine.
'I will not eat them. God forbid!'
The king said. ' 'Twould be fatal for this plot.
Suppose I picked one orange. If I did,
My viziers, in a trice, would eat the lot.'

H. A. C. EVANS

Perce King's the name of this 'ere youth mob leader
'E's on a scooter rally with 'is club
An' gets a first class thirst on 'im. A pub
Comes into sight. Inside there ain't a bleeder
It's empty, see? An' in the bar, no kid,
There's port and lemon, cider, cokes, the lot
Just there for pourin' out. But does 'e? Not
On your Nelly. 'E says 'Gawd forbid.
If I so much as takes a soda water
These blokes'll some'ow find the landlord's daughter.'

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It took three years and four Chancellors to throttle industry, almost enough to establish the squeeze as part of the British financial tradition. The struggling is over now: the Treasury thugs, tired but triumphant, can relax. The banks are no longer tied down by directive but can lend money as they please. The Capital Issues Committee has been instructed to look with favour on everything but speculation. The credit squeeze is over.

There has been no dancing in the streets of the City to celebrate the news. The end of the squeeze has been expected since the demand for bank credit and new capital dropped sufficiently to make its continuance unnecessary. The fact that the end has come rather sooner than most people hoped, despite the development of seasonal pressure against sterling and the uncertainties of the labour situation, suggests only that industry's need for a pick-me-up is even greater than was already supposed.

* * *

The banks have been complaining since the squeeze began that directives are a bad thing; Grandma, who likes to keep in with the banks (she was once a bank herself) and mistrusts these new-fangled devices, has found all kinds of arguments for agreeing. The Chancellor has now offered to abandon directives if Grandma will introduce some alternative means of controlling bank credit: Grandma has suggested that when it seems desirable to restrict bank liquidity she should call for special deposits to be made with her which would not count as liquid assets.

It may seem odd that of the various means of controlling bank liquidity open to her, Grandma should choose one particularly associated with the Australian central bank—a bank more affected by political squabbles than any other. One of her motives may have been the simple desire to be different. Another may have been the wish to ensure that any new device would be operated by Grandma herself and not by the Treasury. Certainly the details of the special deposits scheme will be worked out slowly and in consultation with the banks; the need to put it into practice may not even arise at all before the Radcliffe Committee reports. But the inadequacy of the existing machinery has now been openly admitted. It should never again be necessary to squeeze credit for three years on end.

* * *

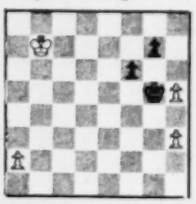
A few in the City are disappointed that the end of the directive has not entailed a return to the simpler monetary methods of the past. More are annoyed that the end of the squeeze has not involved the abolition of the Capital Issues Committee. Scrip issues admittedly are now to be exempt from interference, but the fact that the CIC is to be retained has made it necessary to stop the various means which have been devised for circumventing it. Since it is impossible to distinguish in principle between normal commercial transactions and those which are less normal, this can be done only by giving the CIC power to examine a much wider class of transactions than it has been concerned with during the past few years. Far from shrinking, in fact, the scope of the Committee will now be considerably enlarged.

TAURUS

The Chess Board

No. 452. Our Study Competition

Before the close of entries last month we had a final spurt of competitors from more than a dozen countries, entries by world-famous composers as well as by hopeful aspirants to fame; and, I am glad to say, quite a few from our own circle of regular "ladder"-climbers. What with one of our honorary jurors in Switzerland and the other "commuting" between Italy and Yugoslavia during the next weeks it will take some time for the sifting of scores of entries to be completed and the final result to be announced.



Meanwhile, whoever isn't convinced yet of the practical value to be derived from end game studies for one's prowess at the game, should look at this position, reported in *Schach* and achieved by the Rumanian master M. Radulescu in 1956. Obviously, if White starts pushing his QRP, Black will do likewise with his BP, and the game will be drawn. Nor can White do any better by (1) K-B6, P-B4; (2) K-Q5, K-B5!; (3) P-QR4, K-K6; (4) P-R5, P-B5 etc. Luckily, though, Radulescu had a brainwave, or to put it more precisely, he had the memory of a certain endgame study popping up from subconsciousness. So he surprised his opponent by (1) P-R6!. Now obviously . . . K x P is ruled out on account of the Black K then being just sufficiently remote for White's K-B6-Q5 variation to be effective after all. Hence, Black countered . . . P x P and resigned a few moves later when realising the deadly peril of the open Kt-file. Obviously, after (6) P=Q, P=Q; (7) Q-KKt8 ch Black will be either mated or deprived of his brand-new Queen.

Now as for the study that made so timely and useful a journey from the subconscious to the conscious sphere of M. Radulescu's mind, it was composed by Holst in 1936. Here it is. /8/6p1/1K2p3/2pp1pkP/P7/7P/3P4/8/. White to win, and the key-move—yes, we've guessed right: it is P-R6, and proves, once again, the benefit to be gained from endgame studies.

A: Assiac 1916

B and **C** (for 6 and 7 ladder-points and both wins) pay due homage to the two celebrated composers who have kindly agreed to serve on our Jury. As for my own share in the Hard Labour connected with the Competition, **A** is a game position in which (playing White) I "announced" a mate in 11. I was a school boy at the time, and the thing is certainly primitive enough to provide a 4-pointer for beginners. Usual prizes. Entries by 21 July.

B: H. Lommer 1943

C: A. Chéron 1929

REPORT on No. 449. Set 21 June

A: (1) R-K2!, Q x QR; (2) Kt-R5 R-KKt1; (3) Kt x R, R x Kt; (4) R-K8 etc.

B: (1) P-B3, P-R5; (2) K-B2!! (K-Q2??). P-R6; (3) K-Kt3, P-QR7; (4) K x P, P=Q; (5) K x P, Q-Kt7 ch; (6) B-B2, K-Kt4; (7) K-Kt3, Q-B8, (8) B-R7!, Q-KB5 ch, (9) K-Kt2 (and the Black K will never penetrate at f4).

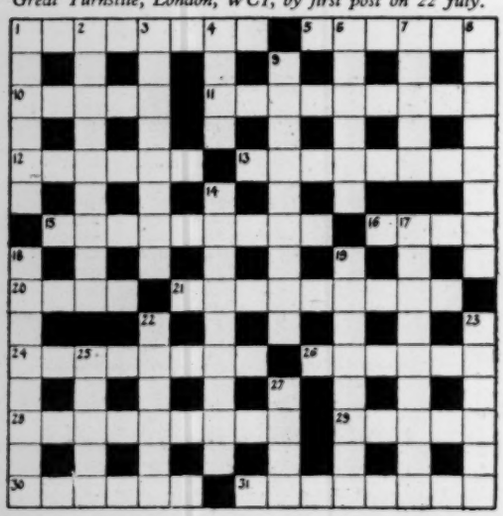
C: (1) B-Q3, Kt-Kt1; (2) P-R5, Kt-K3!; (3) P-R6, Kt-B4!; (4) P-R7, Kt x B ch; (5) K-Q1, P-K7 ch; (6) K-B2, Kt-Kt4 ch; (7) K-Q2, Kt-Kt5)-R3!! [On as a new Q would now be immured for ever;] (8) P-K5!!, K-R2; (9) P-K6, K-Kt3; (10) P-K7, K-B2; (11) K-K1!!, K-K1: (12) P-R8=Kt!! and now wins since Black can no longer counter by . . . Kt-B4-K5 ch-B3.

Almost everybody saw misprint of Black P (c7 for d7) in **B**. Many stumped by **C**. Prizes: C. Allen, I. Avinery, J. P. Ford, B. Katz, A. J. Roycroft.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword 311

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 311, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post on 22 July.



ACROSS

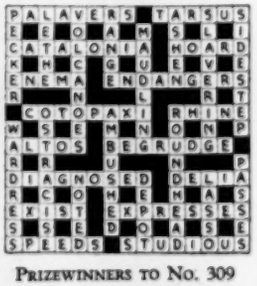
1. The sailor goes into the drink for a bird (8).
5. If memberless, the fleet would turn into a girl (6).
10. Language used in an archaeological expedition for speaking at length (5).
11. The shirt is torn in a successful attempt at wooing (9).
12. Pet Lily Christine, for one? (6).
13. A writer with bottom backwards following a woman (8).
15. A mother raced after an animal, the shrew (9).
16. Something to fire a lazy fellow (4).
20. Reflect and repeat (4).
21. The supporters have their heads broken about the payment (9).
24. Instils with a central design (8).
26. It is the opposite of crazy to beg for the stuff (6).
28. The writer did wrong backing this journalist (9).
29. Not forbidden to grow back in the fifties (5).
30. Listen, oddly enough, to what cannot be heard (6).
31. Rummages for the reply in the places where letters are to be found (8).

DOWN

1. Comfort and so put in spirits (6).
2. Consequences of strewing father all round the rug (9).
3. Sporting official who imposes a schoolboy penalty on an adult (8).
4. The courage to make love (4).
6. Apparatus for reply (6).
7. 'Ah beautiful passionate body That never has —— with a heart!' (Swinburne) (5).
8. The provision for maintenance contains a passage about a god (8).
9. Mistakenly put here as a river (9).
14. Town servant's accent (9).
17. Torpid which might do for the light race (9).
18. The cynic gives me a little drink and the reverse of a little to eat (8).
19. The strong man has a girl caught between drinks (8).
22. Beware the sailors found in a place for smugglers (6).
23. Techniques which are fatal in two seconds (6).
25. 'In adamantine chains and ——fire' (Milton) (5).
27. The headless poet climbs the mountain (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 309



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The closing date for the receipt of applications in Australia and London, is 4 August, 1958.

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

ROYAL Scottish Museum, Edinburgh. Two pensionable posts of Assistant Keeper (1) in department of technology (2) in department of natural history. Appointment in post (1) to Grade I or Grade II depending on age and experience. Age: for Grade II at least 21 and under 26 on 1 August 1958: extension for service in H.M. Forces, Overseas Civil Service, established Civil Service (up to two years) or exceptional qualifications; for Grade I, normally at least 30 on 1 August 1958. Qualifications: candidates must have, or obtain in 1958, for post (1) first or second class honours degree in engineering or technology, with workshop or equivalent practical experience; for post (2) first or second class honours degree in zoology. Duties in post (1) include supervision of engineering workshops and preparation of technological exhibits; in post (2) detailed work in bird or insect collections, maintaining study collections and arranging exhibitions. Starting salary (Grade II) £615 (or higher). Scale maximum (men) £875. Grade I salary scale (men) £1,145-£1,300. Promotion prospects. Write Director, Royal Scottish Museum, Chambers Street, Edinburgh, 1, for application form. Closing date 31 July 1958.

(1) ROYAL Commission on Historical Monuments (England) (2 posts). (2) Royal Commission on Ancient Monuments in Wales and Monmouthshire (1 post). Investigators: 3 pensionable posts for men or women at least 20 on 1.1.58. Qualifications: (1)(a) Architectural training to at least intermediate standard; some historical knowledge and an interest in a particular aspect of history of architecture desirable. (1)(b) Normally 1st or 2nd class hons degree in archaeology, history or appropriate subject, with ability in architectural drawing. (2) Normally 1st or 2nd class hons. degree; experience of monochrome photography and knowledge of history of architecture or applied art or archaeology of Britain essential. Ability to speak Welsh an advantage. Final year students may apply. Starting salary (men) £595 (or higher) rising to £1,080 (£1,110 in London). Promotion prospects. Write Civil Service Commission Burlington Gardens, London, W1 for application form, quoting 4862/58. Closing date 25 July 1958.

COMMONWEALTH Relations Office: Assistant Keeper, Class I or II: Pensionable post in India Office Library for man or woman. Age at least 22 on 1.6.58 for Class II post. Appointment to Class I according to age, qualifications and experience. Candidates must have Arts Degree with First or Second Class honours or post-graduate degree and thorough knowledge of modern Indian language or Sanskrit. Experience in orientalist library an advantage. Starting salary (men) Class I £1,175 rising to £1,850: Class II £635 (or higher) rising to £900. Write Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W1, for application form quoting 4857/58. Closing date 29 July 1958.

AUSTRALIA – University of New England. Lecturers in English. Applications are invited for two positions of Lecturer in English. For one position preference will be given to a candidate competent in language. Lecturers appointed will be required to work both with internal and external (correspondence) students but their principal duties will be with the latter. They will be encouraged to engage in research. Commencing salary will be fixed according to qualifications and experience within the range £A1,500 × 90 – £A2,050. In addition a cost of living allowance is payable. Provision is made for superannuation, travel and removal expenses and assistance in buying or building a house. Further information and the conditions of appointment may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications will close in Australia and London on 31 July, 1958.

AUSTRALIA—University of Sydney. Lectureship in English Language or English Literature. Applications are invited for the above position. The Lecturer will be expected to take a considerable part in the programme of tutorials for small groups of students. The salary for a Lecturer is within the range £A1,500-90-£2,100 per annum, plus cost of living adjustment, and will be subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. The commencing salary will be fixed according to the qualifications and experience of the successful applicant. Under the Staff Members' Housing Scheme, in cases approved by the University and its Bankers, married men may be assisted by loans to purchase a house. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London WC1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in Australia and London, is 15 August 1958.

UNIVERSITY of Auckland, New Zealand, Department of Economics. Applications are invited for two Senior Lectureships, one to teach General Economics and the other, preferably, Economic History. The salary scale is £1,315 per annum, rising by three annual increments to £1,615 per annum. An allowance is made towards travelling expenses. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London WC1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in New Zealand and London, is 15 August 1958.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

UNIVERSITY of Auckland, New Zealand. Lectureship in Economics. Applications are invited for the above-mentioned appointment. The salary scale for the position is £1,025 per annum, rising by three annual increments to £1,275 per annum. An allowance is made towards travelling expenses. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London WC1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in New Zealand and London, is 15 August 1958.

AUSTRALIA—University of Adelaide. Chair of Geography. Applications are invited for the above-mentioned position to be established from 1 January 1959. Formal terms of appointment and a statement for the information of candidates may be had from the Registrar or from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London WC1. These documents give general information about tenure, study leave, invalidity, travelling and removal expenses, research, and the current teaching duties of the Department. The University Calendar may be consulted in the Library of any University which is a member of the AUBC, and candidates in the United Kingdom may borrow from the AUBC a copy of a coloured film showing the University and the city and surroundings of Adelaide. The salary will be £A3,500 a year, with superannuation on the FSSU basis. Applications, giving the particulars indicated in the Statement, should reach the Registrar, University of Adelaide, Adelaide, South Australia, by 13 August 1958.

UNIVERSITY of the Witwatersrand, Johannesburg, South Africa. Department of Commerce. Graduate Research Assistant. Applications are invited for appointment to the above post. The salary is at the rate of £900 per annum, plus a special non-pensionable allowance at the rate of £120 per annum. In addition, a married man will receive such temporary cost of living allowance as the University may be authorised to pay, the present rate being £234 per annum. Duties to be assumed as soon as possible. Applicants should possess a degree, preferably in Commerce but in any case including Economics, Statistics and, if possible, Accounting. Business experience and a knowledge of shorthand and typing would be an advantage. The duties of the successful applicant will mainly be to assist the Head of the Department in economic and business research projects. The person appointed will also be required to give at least two lectures per week in certain aspects of Commerce, Applied Economics and Business. Membership of the University Institutions Provident Fund is compulsory. Membership of the Staff Medical Aid Fund is compulsory in the case of an officer who is eligible in terms of the rules. Applications, giving full personal details of qualifications, experience, etc., should be lodged with the Registrar, University of the Witwatersrand, Milner Park, Johannesburg, South Africa, not later than 31 July 1958.

APPLICATIONS are invited for the post of Psychiatric Social Worker in the Department of Psychological Medicine of the Royal Infirmary, Edinburgh. This Department is under the clinical charge of the Professor of Psychological Medicine of Edinburgh University. The post will become vacant on 1 September, 1958, and the duties will include In-Patient and Out-patient work in this teaching Hospital. Candidates should preferably have a degree and in addition should hold a recognised Mental Health Certificate. Salary will be at the appropriate point on the Whitley Council Scale. Applications, together with names of two refs, should be sent to the Personnel Officer by 18 July, 1958.

LONDON County Council. Bradstow School, Dumpton Park Drive, Broadstairs. A school for girls of all ages and junior boys, situated in pleasant position overlooking sea, with easy access to beach. (i) Resident mistress for group of children aged 7-10. Person appointed will be largely responsible for the life of the family group in and out of the classroom. Post should appeal to teachers with imagination who are prepared to experiment in methods designed to help the backward child. Sympathy and interest more important than previous experience with backward children. Nursery school and/or music an advantage. (ii) Mistress to teach PE and Modern Dancing and to maintain tradition of success in teaching Classical Dancing to ESN children. Someone able to take part in the whole life of the school, and with sympathetic and understanding attitude to backward children essential. Appln forms TS40 obtainable from Education Officer TS5, County Hall, London, SE1 (*see* f'scap) and returnable to Headmistress within 14 days.

LONDON Office of International Trade Union Organization requires Swedish translator/interpreter. Swedish mother tongue with good knowledge English, German and French. Permanent position for suitable applicant. Excellent conditions, with superannuation and holiday scheme. Preference given to applicants with trade union background or interest. Also Swedish shorthand/typist with knowledge of English. Same conditions as above. Position would also be a permanency. Box 1736.

ENGLISH Language Institute in N. Italy wants teacher. For July interview write very fully to Box 1875.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

HERTFORDSHIRE. St Christopher's School, Letchworth (co-educational day and boarding school, 350 pupils and a full teaching staff of 35 men and women). Required in September, owing to illness of previous appointee, master or mistress for Science (physics, chemistry and biology), especially in the lower groups in the senior school (ages 11-14). Opportunity to take some 6th form chemistry if desired, but this is not essential. The post is resident, or non-resident, and it is thought to appoint a man or woman willing and able to devote themselves to an exacting, but rewarding, educational community. A pamphlet about the life of the school will be sent on request. Burnham scale, Government superannuation. Applications to the Headmaster.

NETHERNE Hospital Management Committee, Coulsdon, Surrey. There will be positions vacant in the near future to replace two of the establishment of six Psychiatric Social Workers. These vacancies offer opportunities for research, out-patient work, social clubs, work in the Community, as well as Hospital work in a congenial atmosphere. Separate offices, clerical help, car service or mileage allowance paid to car owner. One of the posts is as a member of a team concerned with the reassessment and rehabilitation of stabilised chronic patients, and with research into this problem. This unit is run on the lines of a therapeutic community and there are varied aspects of the work which could be developed according to the interests of the Psychiatric Social Worker. Salary according to Whitley Council Conditions of Service, plus London weighting. Applications, stating age, qualifications and experience, together with names and addresses of two referees, should be sent to the Physician Superintendent, from whom further details may be obtained. Locum applications considered. K. W. Faulk, Secretary.

UNIVERSITY of Auckland, New Zealand. Lectureship in English. Applications are invited for the above-mentioned appointment. The salary scale for the position is £1,025 per annum, rising by three annual increments to £1,275 per annum. An allowance is made towards travelling expenses. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in New Zealand and London, is 31 August 1958.

MIDDLESEX County Council – Education Committee. Full-time Psychiatric Social Worker (female) reqd initially at Willesden Child Guidance Centre. Must hold Mental Health Cert. or approved equivalent. Previous exper. desirable, but recently qualified candidates considered. PTA salary with London Weighting accdg to age. Prescribed conditions. Application forms from Borough Education Officer, 163 Willesden Lane, Kilburn, NW6, returnable by 28 July (Quote X753, NSN). Canvassing disqualifies.

INTERESTING and unusual residential post available as House Mother, SRN, in Home for psychotic and maladjusted children aged 3-10, within easy reach of Central London. Candidates must have had good experience in residential work with children. Applications to Secretary, Bleak House, Catherine Street, St Albans, Herts, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

RADIOGRAPHER (whole- or part-time). Sole charge post. Further particulars from Chief Physician, Chest Clinic, Upton Hospital, Slough.

VOCATIONAL Guidance – The VGA Scheme offers a unique answer to the problem of planning a career. Apply Secretary, The Vocational Guidance Association, 37a Devonshire Street, W1. (WELbeck 8017.)

COUNTRY Pubs are hard work. Wanted, adaptable couple for all duties. Cottage available, experience unnecessary, age unimportant. Box 1620.

ASSISTANT Girls' Club Leader; full time, required for mixed youth Club with junior section, Chelsea. Resident post in attractive modern premises. Superannuation Scheme. For details apply – Organising Secretary, Feathers Clubs Association, 29 Mulready Street, London, NW8.

WOOD Green Old People's Welfare Committee. Applications are invited from suitably qualified persons for the appointment of a full-time Secretary/Welfare Organiser. Commencing salary will be within the range of £605-£735 per annum, according to experience. Application forms, which should be returned by 22 July, may be obtained from the undersigned. A. C. Partridge, Chairman, Town Hall, Wood Green, N22.

VOLUNTARY Association in West London requires Organising Secretary experienced in youth work, committees and administration. The post offers considerable scope for development and experiment. Salary according to qualifications and experience. Pension scheme. Six weeks annual leave. Apply, with details of qualifications, to Box 1748.

EDUCATED women with good shorthand and typing for interesting temporary positions, some with exceptionally short hours. Salaries are excellent. The St Stephen's Secretariat, 3-4 Lincoln's Inn Fields, WC2; 316 Vauxhall Bridge Road, SW1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

FAMILY Welfare Association, Area IV, 59, Myddelton Square, EC1, require Administrative Officer, either sex, responsible to Area Secretary, for one year experimental project with possibility of extension, to be responsible for and develop administration, public relations and appeals in this case-work unit. Experience of administration, knowledge of social services and understanding of case-work required. Status equivalent to Senior Case-worker, salary £590 × £20 – £670. Applications to Miss Keenleyside.

FEATHERS Clubs Association. (1) First Feathers Youth Club, Ladbroke Grove, W10. Full-time experienced Club Leaders required, as soon as possible. (2) Third Feathers Youth Club, Worlds End, Chelsea. Assistant Club Leader required September. Both clubs have attractive premises, and offer scope for interesting development. Limited living accommodation is available. For details of salaries, pension scheme, apply stating qualifications and experience to: Organising Secretary, Feathers Clubs Association, 29 Mulready Street, NW8.

OLD People's Welfare. Newly formed Liverpool Old People's Welfare Council requires Development Officer, opportunity for initiative for good organiser in the many facets of the work. Social Science qualification desirable, experience essential. Salary according to qualification and experience ranging from £650-£750. Application with full details and names of two referees to The Secretary, 34 Stanley Street, Liverpool, 1.

FOUNTAIN Group Hospital Management Committee. Applications are invited from suitably qualified persons wishing to work as Supervisors in a small residential training school for mentally handicapped boys. This unit is pleasantly situated at Osborne House, Hastings, and gives scope for extra-curricular activities. Salary scale (at age 21) £510 rising to £610 per annum. Applications, stating age, qualifications, and experience, and names of two referees, to Organizer of Occupation Centres, Fountain Hospital, Tooting Grove, London, SW17.

THE National Council of Social Service invites applications for post of Advisory Officer in its Midland Office at Birmingham. Salary £650 plus superannuation and travelling. Candidates should have knowledge of statutory and voluntary social services, interest in work amongst the elderly and be able to drive car or prepared to learn. Applications with recent testimonials to 26 Bedford Square, London, WC1, by 28 July.

TEEN Canteen manager wanted, (Expt. with Youth) Elephant & Castle area. Suitable part-time, mainly evenings. Personality important. £550 p.a. Give full particulars to Box 1862.

TALBOT Settlement. Bursar-housekeeper wanted for Club-hostel for West Indian women. Salary according to experience. Apply Warden, 48 Addington Square, SE5.

CAPABLE organisers and keen social workers required as warden & youth leader of RC Club—might suit married couple. Applications with full particulars to Mrs G., 6 Draycott Place, SW3.

ORGANISING Secretary (woman not over 45) reqd residential hostels which train and employ disabled girls in fine needlework. London area. Admin. ability and interest in soc. work. Apply Box 1393.

WARDEN for Children's Camp required from the 26 July-30 August 1958. Applicants should have had experience of camping under canvas and of organising activities for children aged 9-13 years. Apply for full details to the Education Secretary, LCS Education Department, 13 Soho Square, London, W1.

ST CHRISTOPHER School, Letchworth, the largest vegetarian residential community in the country, requires a Dietician-Caterer. This is an exceptional opportunity for a woman of the right qualities and experience. Further details from Headmaster.

BRAZIERS requires long-term secretarial help (m. or f.). Apply: Warden, Braziers Park, Ipsden, Oxon.

MANAGER/Manageress required for Coffee House opening shortly in the West End. Catering experience an advantage, but not essential. Salary £600 plus percentage. Write to Box 1545.

CHARTERED Accountant requires secretary/assistant with sh.-typing and good education. An interest in the arts and some knowledge of book-keeping would be an advantage. Salary £500/£600. Part-time would be considered. Box 1825.

SECRETARY / Shorthand - Typist required for Pharmacology Dept at University College, London (Gower St, WC1). Good speeds essential. Secretarial experience in scientific or medical work desirable. Applications to Assistant Secretary.

INSTITUTE of Personnel Management, 80 Fetter Lane, London, EC4 requires Shorthand Typist, Assistant to Training Secretary. Good speeds essential. 20-hour week – times to be arranged. Salary £5. For interview telephone HOL. 3456, ext. 104.

SECRETARIES wanting varied work—call MET. 8533. Excellent posts available on our Temporary Staff. Change your employer week by week! St. Paul's Agency, 150 Cheapside, EC2.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

SHORTHAND-typist/secretary (temp. July) reqd by Stationery Mfctrs. Convex, 41 Brecknock Road, N7.

A PART-time typist, good at figures, required by a Synagogue in West London. Box 1818.

SECRETARY 20/22 for interesting Public Relations post W1. Sal. £9/£10. Portman Bureau, 78 George St, W1. HUN. 0676.

HOLIDAY relief work for shorthand and copy typists, few days, a week or longer. Details Cranbourn Agency, 42 Cranbourn Street, Leicester Square. GER. 3249

TEMPORARY Secretarial Post? Ring MAY 6336. Savoy Agency, 487 Oxford St, W1.

SECRETARY/Assistant, part-time, required by publishers. Must have shorthand and typing, pref. advertising/production experience. Apply Miss Macdougall, GRO. 2958.

WTD, girl to assist generally. Woodlands Holiday Camp, Nr. Sevenoaks, Kent.

KINDLY, capable woman wanted. Mother working part-time. 3 children (12, 5, 3). Pleasant home, Cambridge. Box 1773.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

GRAPHIC designer, 35 (escapee from advtg. agency world). Exp. book & mag. production. Author book & press articles. Finds intelligence not fully occupied present freelancing book publicity. Seeks whole/part-time post, London. Box 1705.

HUMANE work – with people or animals rural, home/abroad, earnestly sought by countryman with initiative and some resources. Box 1702.

YOUNG woman, middle-aged, many years exper. printing trade, sks post where initiative & intel. apprecd. Wide intsts, LRAM & Social Sc. Diploma. S/typg. & simple B/Kpg if absol. nec. Free Sept. Box 1570.

ENGLISH girl pub./sch. educated, facile writer fluent French urgently needs job any capacity, salary immaterial. Box 1796.

PRIVATE Secretary with high level (London) professional/commercial experience, and pleasant personality, requires appointment for the individual, with the individual, preferably professional. Box 1745.

YOUNG Indian socialist, creative literary preoccupations, sks job in London area. Preferably books or related trades. Box 1647.

OXFORD graduate, Arts, wants post progressive school September where married accommodation available. Box 1741.

STELLA Fisher Bureau invites inquiries from employers requiring administrative or secretarial staff of either sex. 436 Strand, WC2. TEM. 6644

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

ENCORE disperses the nonsense talked about Brecht since his death – in a wonderful new issue just out. (Free specimen from 25 Howland St, W1.)

'RECORD Times' – The first monthly newspaper devoted to classical records, is full of interest for music-lovers. Obtainable by subscription 3s. per year post free, by application to 'Record Times', 8-11 Great Castle St, London W1.

WESTERN Approaches. New series in 'Punch'. Famous writers. Lively provocative ideas. Starts this week. Don't miss it.

ANGRY young woman novel from under the net. Veronica Hull's 'Monkey Puzzle' (14s. 6d. p.f.), Hampstead's High Hill Bookshop, 11 High St. NW3 (HAM 2218).

'THE Humanist' is the journal of Scientific Humanism (monthly, 1s., p.a. 14s.). Spec. copy, 'Living with Reality', and Bertrand Russell's 'Faith of a Rationalist', free. RPA, 40 Drury Lane, WC2.

'THE Week', the brilliant survey in The Observer every Sunday, that gives you a clear perspective on a whole week's news in 15 minutes easy reading. Let The Observer put the world in your hands on Sunday.

ENVOI: 2s. quarterly: poetry invited. Seven Levels, North Place, Cheltenham.

BOOK Sale—Thousands of books at half price and less. Novels, travel, music, children's and all subjects. Now open at Collet's, 64 Charing Cross Rd, WC1.

MOUNTAINEERING: Books, prints, maps. Secondhand. Send for lists. Chyngton Books, Seaford, Sussex. Sell your unwanted Mountain books to us.

'THE New Battle of France', R. Palme Dutt; 'Britain's Shipyards Today', Dan McGarvey; Boiler Makers' President. Labour Monthly. Post free 1s. 8d., or 9s. half yearly, from NS, 134 Ballards Lane, London, N3.

DEUCE. Take it. Fiendishly good. 1s. mthly. 1 St Anne's Cottages, Cheltenham.

L. SIMMONDS, 16 Fleet Street, CENtral 3907. Books bought in any quantity. Libraries purchased. Standard sets. Good technical books also required.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms. Libris, 38a Boundary Rd, NW8. MAI. 3030.

BOOKS bought. Left emphasis. Van calls. Hammersmith Bookshop. W6. RIV. 6807.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT

QUIET newly furn. room in grad. couple's house, Primrose Hill. Cooking facs. PRI. 0459 after 7 p.m.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT—continued

NICELY Furn. s/c flat. All cons. 6-8 adults. From 8 gns. HAM. 7236 Evgs.

BED-sit. rm. Lrg. comf. private house Hampstead Garden Suburb. SPE. 7684.

CONGENIAL atmosphere, musical/lit. interests. Single room 50s. Also small 1-rm flatlet (no sep. kit.), nr Baker St. 70s. HAM. 8109, evenings/weekends.

SMALL room. Small house. Small rent. Excellent pied-à-terre. LADbroke 5118.

ACCOM. with partial board available. 'Phone MAI. 4154 or call 98 Maida Vale.

PLEASANT furn. flatlet (own k'nette & tel.). Attractive view. Adjacent Finchley Rd tube. No petty restrictions. Lovely landlord. Friendly household. KIL. 0728.

SMALL room to let for student in artists' flat, St John's Wood. £2 5s. Box 1789.

W. KEN. Attract. furn. flatlet avail. now for 3/4 months. Divan/room, kit./dinette, bath.; and roof gdn. Suit 1 or 2. RIV. 8405.

BEDSIT., din.-kitchen, own telephone, share in co-op. household NW3. Approx. £250 low rent. Box 1772.

DIFFERENT Big sunny div. rm in happy W14 flat. Redec.—but still ample scope express own personality. £3 incl. e. lt, use k. & b., phone. Box 1861.

CLEVELAND Sq. W2. Large contemporary bed-sit. rm. in young lady's flat, own kit., c.h.w., use of 'phone & garden. Prof. lady only. PAD 9876 after 6 p.m.

RICHMOND. Large bed-sitting room part-furnished, all facils. Charming surroundings. Bus. or prof. woman. Box 1731.

SML furn. flat: b/sit., kit.-din./rm, bath, gas htg & ckg. £3 10s. BAL. 1682.

ATTRAC. single furn. bedsit. with water & ckg. facs. £2 10s p.w. TUD. 0516.

BACH. naturist, will share top-floor flat, inexpensive, with 2 others. Apply after 9 p.m. 23 Foley St, W1.

LUX. sgle s/c. furn. flat Reg. Park. Mod. block. Aug. 7½ gns. Box 1849.

FURN. basement front room, use kit. and bathrm., for student. PAD. 8140.

CHARMING b/s. in priv. flat for gentleman. Bfast, serv. 4½ gns. HAM. 9579.

GROUND-flr. flat Richmond, 3 rooms, kit./bath. Contemp. furn. BUShey 1911.

KENSINGTON. B/s., mod. court, c.h.w., use kit., b. For 2 months. WES. 2267.

PUTNEY, London studio garden flat, nr. river. Vacant summer. Box 1700.

FURN. flat, Dr's house, 3 rms., k., tel., frig., all but s/c. Suit 3 friends or young couple. £4 10s. CHI. 3012 after Sun.

HAMPSTEAD Young prof. woman offered share of flat. Own rm. PRI. 1896 evgs.

TWO divan bedsit. leading kitchen. Sunny, quiet. Ascot, sink, cooker, com. telephone, next bath, lavatory. Garden outlook. HAM. 4007, 10-11 only. 4½ gns. p.w.

HOL. acc. 1-2 girls 14 July-19 Aug. 3 gns. p.w. St John's Wd flat. Box 1798.

CHELSEA 1-2 rms (furn.) in young bachelor's house. £3-5½. Box 1810.

MUSWELL Hill. Suitable for one, lge sunny unfurn. room in house with yng fam. All amenities. What offers? Box 1802.

SWISS Cottage. Most attrac. newly decorated furn. flatlet. Dbl. room, own kit./diner. Chw, service. 6 gns. PRI. 8045.

HIGHGATE. Furnished flat, suit two business people. 5 gns. MOU. 3675.

UP to 3 rooms in sunny NW2 flat use of kit. etc. avail. immed. Box 1874.

FLAT Hampstead 2 rooms July 20-Aug. 10, £5 wkly. HAM. 5202.

HIGHGATE, one min. Tube, room with ckr, linen, crockery. £2 10s. MOU 9063.

BAYSWATER flat sleep 3 available 26 July – 5 Sept. £6 6s. p.w. Box 1872.

CAMBORNE Hotel, 61-63 Leinster Sq., W2. 'Phone BAY. 4886. Charming comfortable service rms, with board, reasonable.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED

BEDSITTING room in private house or flat. Preferably NW8 or 3. Box 1826.

YOUNG doctor and wife seek furn. s/c flat London, 1 Sept. Box 1768.

MUSIC student, 20, requires furn. or unfurn. room where own piano welcome. Mod. rent. Or grateful home for piano only, where he could practise. Box 1831.

ARCHITECT, sngl., 33, reqs cheap s/c. unfurn. accom. Chelsea/Sth Ken. State of repair immaterial provided waterproof; willing to assist manually in any scheme rebuilding/redecoration. Refs avail. Box 1842.

YOUNG German & Italian students require accommodation with private families within walking distance of Champion Hill, SE5. Sleeping only, no meals or cooking. Phone BRIxton 3143 after 8 p.m.

YOUNG schoolmaster requires lodgings or flat in musical household near Mitcham. Box 1751.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED—continued

UNIVERSITY lecturer (m.), single, requires furn. accommodation Central London, preferably with partial board, convenient for Queen Mary Coll., from 1 August. Box 1815.

2 Conscientious architectural students (f.) req. cheap, s/c rms, Box 1706.

SEPT. onwards, woman, educated, travelled, cheerful, sks. unfurnished room nr. tube; simple meals, service reqd. Consideration reciprocated. Boxmoor 524.

PAINTER'S studio or huge room, kit., bath. SW3, SW10, W11. MAYfair 3720.

CENTRAL London flat wanted, 3-4 weeks August. Moderate rent. EALing 1152.

PROPERTIES TO LET AND WANTED

BUNGALOW nr Horley, Surrey. Attract. rural setting (rec. built old world style, joining 17 cent. hse) furn., Lge. lnge, bedr., kit., b., sep. w.c. Gd bus service. 45 mins. Lond. Bridge, Vic. 5 gns. p.w. Tel.: CHA. 5462 10-4 p.m. Box 1824.

UNFURN. house required. Civil servant. 4 adults. Daily reach St Helens (Lancs). Box 1701.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE

BERKS. NE Newbury, facing south, cottage 2 large, 2 sml bdrms, 2 lvg rooms, kit. bth. elec. tel. ¾ ac. £2,250. MAI. 4464.

SALISBURY, nr. Fully modernised thatched cottage for sale. Appeal writer/artist. Favoured locality. Bus route. £2,200. Box 1712.

WHERE TO STAY

HOLIDAY vacancies for July and Sept. in the heart of the North Downs and Surrey's beautiful pine forests. Swimming, tennis and dancing. Treetops Holiday Camp, Farley Green, Guildford. Write for brochure N.

WINCHESTER. – Ideal accommodation for the discriminating visitor who appreciates good food and willing service in attractive surroundings. Chantry Mead Guest House, Bereweeke Road. Tel. 2767.

BOURNEMOUTH, Connaught Court, W. Cliff. Tel.: 1944, 33 rms, 150 yards sea front. Gdns, Putting green, Garages. Superlative food. July/Aug. 10-12 gns.

OLD Norton House Hotel, on the Green of the famous seaside village, Rottingdean, Brighton. Imaginative & plentiful food; tasteful atmosphere; cent. hg. Fr. 8½ gns. Brochure. Tel. 3120. Prop. D. Chapman, MP.

SUSSEX. Whinrig Guest House, Horam. 12 miles Eastbourne. Everything home-made. Vegetarians welcome. From 6½ gns.

SAFFRON Walden, Essex. Dormitory beds, kit. facils. 7s. 6d a night. FLA. 7756.

A REAL adventure holiday. Connemara ponies, trekking, mountains, glens, lakes, lovely islands off coast, own boat, sea, trout fishing available. Peace, good food, every modern comfort amid old-world atmosphere. Terms: 10 gns. weekly. The Anglers Return, Roundstone, Galway Bay.

KESWICK. Visit Highfield Vegetarian Guest House, The Heads. Beautiful scenery, good food. Tel. 508.

BLENCATHRA Guest House, Kingsdown, nr Deal. RAC approved. Own grounds. Home produce. Overlooking golf course, sea. 7/8½ gns. Kingsdown 225.

PONY Trekking among the beautiful hills of the Scottish Borders. What an ideal holiday! Season until 1 November. Brochure with pleasure from Toftcombs Hotel, Biggar.

LONDON, WC1, Ambassadors Hotel. Bed and Breakfast. Single room 28s. Double room 54s. No surcharge. Nr. Kings X, Euston and St Pancras Stns. EUS. 1456.

RECUPERATION at Higham House in 53 beautiful acres. Comfort, rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs and milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms and brochure, Higham House, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sx. Robertsbridge 126.

BED and Breakfast guide to Great Britain. Essential for tourists. 96 pages, 2s. 10d. post free from Ramblers' Association. 48 Park Road, London, NW1.

LAKES Mans. Beaut. view, mod. furn. Reas. terms. Croft Hotel, Ambleside 2334.

SWANAGE Vegetarian Guest House overlkg sea. Continental cooking. Children welc. Golding, 'Waveney,' Park Rd. Tel. 2804.

LITTLE Guide to Village Inns, Farms, Hotels on & off the beaten track round Britain's coast & country, 5s., pge 4d. from Victor Hilton (N.S.), Harbourside, Torquay.

FOOD AND DRINK

SPANISH Caprice, by Rimsky Korsakov, El Cid Amontillado, by Duff Gordon. The perfect pair for an evening of rhapsodie espagnole. Ole!

SCHOOLS

BURGESS Hill School, 11 Oak Hill Park, Hampstead. Tel. HAM. 2019. Freedom & self-government for day children and weekly boarders. Small classes. Tuition fee 27½ gns.; weekly boarders, 30 gns. extra a term. Headmaster: J. East.

MONKTON Wyld School, Charmouth, Dorset. School farm. T.T. cows. All-round practical and cultural educ. for boys & girls 9-18. Principals Carl & Eleanor Urban.

PERSONAL

NERVOUS TENSION relieved by nerve manipulation. A relaxing and invigorating treatment of proved value in cases of strain and stress, exhaustion, nervous tension, irritability, anxiety, insomnia, fatigue and physical debility. Ask for brochure. Rec. by medical profession.
THE NERVE CENTRE
87 Westbourne Terrace, London, W2
Tel. AMB. 4041.

FAMILY, four children, three adults, require furnished holiday accommodation. August 23-Sept. 6. Farm or sea. Box 1880.

DESPERATE single doctor needs roof over head with low overheads. Unfurnished. Box 1820.

SCHOOLMASTER early 40s wants join four/me going Brussels or Spain Aug. or sks. companion (m.) for same. Box 1854.

BACH. 29, sks another for hol. companionship mid. fortnight Sept. Box 1792.

BACHELOR (27) sks companion (m.) Spanish holiday, 2 wks 20 Sept. sharing exps. Box 1697.

AMERICAN writer arriving London 21 July requires 5-6 months or possibly longer, unusually talented writing/research assistant with excellent literary background, competence Spanish language, some knowledge anthropology or other social science. Preference to graduate or experienced writer free to spend some winter months in Spain if necessary. Box 1881.

WTD 2 seats in vehicle to Italy approx. 1-16 Aug. Share exp. NOR. 5341 evg.

CABARET: 'Three's Company' entertains with pleasant gentle satire at dances, dinners and parties. C. G. Jones, 31 Redington Rd, Hampstead, NW3.

HOLIDAY or short-term accom. pleasant informal house Blackheath. 8 max. Family or single. Box 1715.

RESPONSIBLE studs. (f) 16, 17, expd. children sk. job Aug. 'Phone MEA 1215.

FURN. room wanted, shorthand-typing in return; ref., (own typewriter) Box 1704.

OCCASIONAL weekend use of London flat/let required by lecturer temporarily exiled to provinces. Box 1703.

EXCH. 3-rm unfurn. flat (controlled) nr Highbury for larger, any dist. NOR. 5341 (evgs).

OLD comics, magazines, reed with thanks. Armstrong, Bredinghurst, Stuart Rd. SE15.

NW England young man graduate seeks companion (m.) holidays Sept. Box 1887.

HIGHLY qualified, experienced singing teacher (f.) wishes to contact teacher speech/drama or pianoforte, interested in exchange of coaching lessons during Summer Vac., London. Studio (NW) avail. Box 1742.

TEACHER-parent (f), 50s, seeks dull, unwanted job, good pay, coaching, tending sick-aged, 3-4 wks Aug. Box 1769.

FAM. seek hol. accn 30 Aug. to 13 Sep., pref. farm nr sea, 3 d. rooms or 2 d., 2 s. Mrs Abbatt, Farthing House, Lavender Park Rd, West Byfleet, Surrey.

BEDWETTING can be stopped by wonderful new method. Free information. Enurex Co., 119 Oxford St, London, W1.

EXPERIENCED amateur actors, actresses, technicians and producer for ambitious City (London) Amateur Drama Group. Write Box A.588, c/o Street's, 110 Old Broad St., EC2.

GIRL seeks holiday compan. (f.), late 20s, walking/bathing England or Continent. Box 1760.

FREE bedroom/breakfast, Primrose Hill; summer vac. offered in exchange mornings only help mother/new baby. Box 1891.

WAGNERIAN who will be at Bayreuth Festival 12 to 22 August will be pleased to meet other Wagnerians over drinks, lunch or dinner. Box 1774.

HOLIDAY accom., full board, wanted 2 weeks Aug. 3 or 4 girls, 10 years, and adult. Staples, 7 Malden Road, London, NW5.

1-29 September, at Friendship House, Bückeburg, Germany. Study course on Food, Freedom & Faith. Prof. Tom Griffiths, Wilhelm Masching, Sam Karimi, E.W. & Asha Devi Avyanayakam (from Gandhi's Ashram), &c. 12s. a day, or 3s. 6d. for volunteers. Dets. Hughes, 35 Doulting, Shepton Mallet, Som.

GIRL student, 20, seeks holiday job, mid-August 4-5 weeks. Box 1770.

FRENCH Riviera. Few places mixed group to international student centre, 4-18 Aug., led by Oxford graduate: swimming, dancing, open-air theatre. Box 1886.

BEAUTIFUL 1933 Vauxhall coupé with dicky, 16.9 hp £30. WEL 6888/FLA 0175.

SOCIETY—Can it be improved? Contribute your ideas to group meetings and conferences of the Progressive League. Write Secretary (E), 20 Buckingham St, WC2.

WANDERLUST economically and efficiently nourished with appropriate tickets, etc., Protravel, 12 Gt Castle St, Oxford Circus, London, W1 (behind Peter Robinson). LANgham 3101. No booking fees.

PERSONAL—continued

ON pine-covered island in Marmara: 3-rm'd flat, modern bldg, fine view over sea, to let for up to 4 months. £30 per month, £100 for 4 months, in Turkish currency, incig some service. Box 1568.

THERE'S always something worth-while doing (incl. doing nothing) at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon. Ring Checkendon 221.

BED & Brkf for families. Devon/Som. border. Advance notice apprecd. Willis, Greenham, Wellington, Som. Greenham 253.

SPAIN. Would couple or 2 friends (1 driver) be inte.rested car tour 23 Aug./16 Sept. incl. Pyrenees, Madrid, Granada, Valencia, etc. Sharing expenses. Box 1832.

PERSONABLE English girl invited to Turkey for 3 months, expenses paid, in return for English tuition to girl of 9. Vincent, KIN. 6780 (evng).

1½ rooms in Hampstead for mother and child exchange for sometimes looking after child of 5. Box 1834.

SMALL group, interested in Community Living, wants London house, where they can meet others, both for discussion & for putting their ideas into practice. Beryl Paul, 12 Nassington Rd NW3. SWI. 4306 (morns)

YOUNG mother (University education) seeks home for self and son aged two. Would baby-sit evenings. Box 1584.

THE Art of Seeing. Readers impressed by Aldous Huxley's account of how his sight was saved by the methods of the late Dr Bates, the celebrated American oculist & author of 'Good Sight Without Glasses' may be interested to know that this technique is practised by the Misses Scarlett (LANgham 3626 and Brighton 52663).

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St, WC1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and Reservists.

JUGOSLAVIA informal tour 26 July-1 Sept. Small coach, 5 vacant seats. Road travel only. £25. Box 1381.

CAMERA repairs for amateurs and professionals. Also good selection of s/h equipment. Camera Advice Centre, 54 Park Road (cont. Baker St), NW1.

ALEXANDER Technique. Eric de Peyer, 7 Wellington Sq., SW3. SLO. 3141.

ERRANDS in Italy run by Brit. resident. Dr de Roberto, Via Britrres, Treviso.

FRENCH student teaches French. Moderate fees. Box 1626.

ORIGINAL Setting and Costume Designs by leading contemporary Theatrical Designers are on permanent Exhibition at Masque Bookshop, 1 Goodwin's Court, St Martin's Lane, WC2, and can be purchased at reasonable prices.

HUMANISM – a modern outlook. Write to Ethical Un. 13 Prince of Wales Tce, W8.

PLANNED Family Requisites. List s.a.e. Surgical Stores, 10a Dartmouth Rd, SE23.

10% discount to readers. All household electrical goods, fridges, hi-fi, radios, TV, etc. MOU. 6597.

DUREX gloves and rubber surgical appliances sent under plain cover. Write or call for our free price list now. Fiertag, Dept. N.N., 34 Wardour St, London, W1.

CHILDREN'S Seaside Holiday School. Every care. 4-12 yrs. Thanet House, 18 Callis Court Rd, Broadstairs. Thanet 62783.

HOLIDAY Help; foreign girls seek 'au pair' posts July-Oct. Anglo-Continental Bureau, 148 Walton St, SW3. KEN. 1586.

WRITE for Profit. Send today for interesting free booklet. The Regent Institute (Dept. E/191), Palace Gate, London, W8.

PHILIP Humphreys, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, S. Kensington, SW7. KENsington 8042.

LYRICS and sketches required. Scripts to Irving Theatre, Leicester Square, WC2.

JOURNALIST writes speeches, reports, articles, etc. Write Box 6993.

MISS Ollivier, Colonic lavage. Stimulating. MAY. 1085, open evenings.

FOREIGN girls, domesticated and willing, long/short periods available. Eductour, 10 Exhibition Rd, SW7. KNI. 4132.

TYPEWRITERS. Modern Portable machines for hire from £1 monthly. Tel. Robert Ropkins, WEL. 6655 for details.

SMALL, informal parties are now being arranged for members to meet one another at theatres, cinemas, dances, art exhibitions, music circles, At Homes, etc. Send s.a.e. for particulars and programme to The Companions Club, 11c Dryden Chambers, 119 Oxford St. London, W1.

PERSONAL—continued

COUPLE with teen-agers, seek similar to buy and share large country house, ten acres, near good co-educational grammar school, 20 miles London. Capital necessary. Box 1857.

NO, Felicity dear, we won't need a compass for our motoring trip to the lakes. The new National Benzole road maps are more than adequate. From National Benzole garages and filling stations. 1s.

UP the Creek—or across the Channel—Atalanta, Fairey Marine's wonderful 26-foot sailing cruiser, will take your whole family in comfort and safety for the finest holidays you've ever known. Use Atalanta as a caravan to trail to your cruising grounds and home again. Atalanta's cost is only £1,675, plus sails, and engine if required. Extended credit terms are available of course. Write for literature to Dept. ATA8, Fairey Marine, Ltd., Hamble, Hants.

STORIES wanted by the Agency Dept C.20 of British Institute of Fiction Writing Science, Ltd, Regent House, Regent St, W1. We negotiate suitable work on a 15% of sales basis (no reading fee), unsuitable work returned with reasons for rejection. We also offer an interesting booklet giving dets & fees for our Courses & Criticisms, & success letters from students.

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1,300 miles south to the sun
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Searching for something out of the ordinary this year? Here then is a golden opportunity to visit Madeira, the most beautiful sub-tropical island in the world, where you can enjoy a luxury holiday at considerably reduced fares. Every hotel offers reasonable rates and retains a high standard of comfort, food and service. It is never too late to holiday in Madeira.

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Telephone: KENsington 4567

SUMMER HOLIDAYS

You are still in time to join one of our Summer parties in Britain or on the Continent. We specially recommend the following:

House parties by the sea in Sussex, Wales, Cornwall, Norfolk. Costs from 8 gns. per week or from £2 15s. for weekends.

House parties on the Continent (Austrian Tyrol, Switzerland, Sweden, the Italian Adriatic). Costs from 27½ gns.

Sunshine holidays on the Costa Brava, the Balearic Islands, Yugoslavia or Italy (rail or air travel).

ERNA LOW, 47(NS) Old Brompton Road, London, SW7. KEN. 0911 & 9225.

A STRAW HUT
on the
SHORES OF THE
MEDITERRANEAN

A carefree holiday in the sun at one of the Club's holiday villages in Italy, Greece and Corsica. A fortnight from £43 includes sailing, water ski-ing, and underwater exploring. French cooking and free wine, and gay evenings in international company.

CLUB MEDITERRANEE
139 Kensington High Street
(entrance in Wrights Lane)
London, W8. Western 1517

BIG Game Fishing from Cornwall. Live aboard comfortable motor vessel. 8 days from 28 gns. All gear supplied. Intertravel, 3 Cork St, W1. REG. 8687.

GRANADA'S International Holiday School offers during August & September Spanish language courses by University experts, painting, literature, guitar, flamenco & dancing, Fiestas, excursions to Cordoba & Sevilla, the unexplored Alpujarras on mule-back, unique Spanish baroque tours. Stay as long as you like; spend as little as you please! Dets (Intl Reply Coupon): Instituto de Lenguas Modernas, Apartado 244, Granada.

ITALY. Rimini, Hotel Impero. Exc. cuisine. Mod. CUN. 9379, EUS. 6846 after 5.

EXTEND the English Summer (if any) by a southward pilgrimage to the Sun in late Sept. (21st from London). 14 Days in Tarragona at Fiesta Time will cost you only £28-£30. Details from Protravel, 12 Gt Castle St, Oxford Circus, London, W.1 (Behind Peter Robinson). LANgham 3101.

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50s. by surface mail to any address in the world. (25s. for six months.)
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HOLIDAY TRAVEL—continued

HELLENIC AIR TOURS

Our series of Hellenic Air Tours, covering not only Athens, but also such famous classical sites as Corinth, Mycenae, Epidaurus, Delphi, Tiryns, etc., commences on 22 September. What is more, we have now extended several tours to include

CRETE & RHODES
also
SMYRNA & ISTANBUL

Charges are from 57 guineas for a basic 10-day holiday with TRAVEL ENTIRELY BY AIR throughout the tour.

LONDON-ROME-ATHENS-NAPLES-LONDON

On this tour two nights are spent at Rome, five nights at Athens and two at Naples. Travel throughout is by comfortable Viking aircraft of the Hunting-Clan fleet, operating from London Airport. Optional sightseeing trip in Rome. In Athens excursions can be made to Kaisariani Monastery, Cape Sounion, Corinth and Acrocorinth, Mycenae, Tiryns, Nauplia and Epidaurus, as well as visits to the famous classical sites in Athens itself. From Naples there will be an optional excursion to Pompei.

THE CHARGE for this tour is only 57 guineas including air travel throughout, hotel accommodation and full board at Rome, Athens and Naples, airport coach transfers, etc.

The normal London/Athens return air fare is well over £100, but for only 57 guineas we have planned a complete inclusive tour.

A SECOND TOUR

also covers the same cities as the above (Rome-Athens-Naples) but in Greece there are different excursions—to Daphni and Eleusis, the Island of Aegina and to Delphi. During the stay (two nights) at Naples an excursion will be arranged to the wonderful Greek temples of Paestum, travelling via the Sorrento peninsula road. The charge for this tour, like the one above, is 57 guineas including air travel, accommodation and full board.

CRETE AND RHODES

This is a completely new 'Wings' tour, taking in not only the mainland of Greece, with interesting excursion possibilities from Athens, but visits to lovely Rhodes and Crete.

The tour starts with a day flight from London to Athens and four nights are spent there. Then comes a short flight to Rhodes (three nights' stay) and on to Crete (also three nights' stay). On the islands a number of inexpensive optional excursions will be arranged—for instance to Lindos, Knossos and Phaistos.

The journey back from Crete to London is broken by a night's stay at Pisa and the cost of the whole tour is only 66 guineas.

ASIA MINOR AND ISTANBUL

On this tour also there is a day flight to Athens and four nights are spent there, with interesting excursions. Then the plane goes across the Aegean to Izmir (formerly known as Smyrna) on the coast of Asia Minor. Excursions are made to Ephesus, the great classical city with its Pauline associations, and possibly to Pergamum.

Then the plane flies on to Istanbul, where two days are spent visiting the great meeting place of Christian and Moslem cultures.

The tour returns via Salonika (with a full day for sightseeing there) and Rome, where the final night is spent.

The total tour cost is 69 guineas and this covers not only the air travel but also accommodation and full board throughout and airport coach transfers at every point. Compare with this the normal air fare alone for the journeys undertaken which would be at least £120.

HELLENIC AIR TOURS

offer something new in travel, namely the opportunity of visiting Greece and its islands, Asia Minor and Istanbul at a cost which is within the reach of everyone—and without spending days in wearisome train or boring boat travel.

Write or phone for full details to

WINGS LIMITED
49(B) Park Road, Baker Street,
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Telephone: AMBassador 1001.

INTERNATIONAL House Parties. Lugano and Zurich. Dep. 9 August for 14 days. Travel by air inclusive cost from 36 gns. Full details from IFL, 30 Peace Haven, Creswick Road, W3.

SEPTEMBER in Brittany. Hotel de la Plage, Erquy, Côtes-du-Nord—recommended by Michelin and Club des Auberges de France, official classification—offers British guests special terms during the month: Pension Frs 1,300-1,600, including service and taxes. Generous and excellent table; well-chosen wine list at fair prices. Seven splendid unspoilt beaches with safest bathing within easy reach. Fine cliff and woodland walks. St Malo 35 miles. Write M. M. Veillet.

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14, 16 & 18 July at 7.30 — Carmen
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17 & 19 July at 6.0 — The Trojans
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THE ROYAL BALLET
Season 18 August to 13 September
Booking now open.

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE

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Evenings 7.30, Mats Sat. 2.30

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CLASSICAL THEATRE
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Prices: 5s. to 20s.

ARTS. TEM. 3334. Today & Sun. 5.0 & 8.0. 'Templeton.' Mems.

IRVING, WHI. 8657. Non-Stop Glamour Revue. 2nd Yr. Fr. 2.30, Sr. 4.00. 7th Ed. Call or send 27s. 6d. for membership tkt.

ROYAL Court. Mn. 7.30. Sub. 8.0. S. 5, 8.15. W. 2.30. Guest Repertory Season. Belgrade Th., Coventry. Chicken Soup with Noodles. 4 Aug. The Chair & The Lesson.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. Heartbreak House. Last 3 perfs. Thurs.-Sun. 7.45. Mems.

CONCERTS

ROYAL ALBERT HALL
BBC presents 64th Season
HENRY WOOD
PROMENADE CONCERTS
Sat., 26 July to Sat. 20 Sept.
Prospectus 6d. giving programmes & details of ticket booking arrangements
NOW ON SALE
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TUESDAY, 15 July at 7 p.m. St. James's Church, Piccadilly. A Recital by The Renaissance Singers. Director: Michael Howard. Mass for 3 Voices, Byrd; Playnsong Mass, Shepherd; & Works by Viadana, Victoria, Handl. Adm. by programme 4s. at door.

ICA Music Section. On Monday, 14 July at 8 p.m. at the Arts Council, 4 St James's Square, SW1. The Gregg Smith Singers of Los Angeles in a programme of choral works by American and European composers, including Sessions, Barber, Webern and Schoenberg. Tickets: 5s. at the door.

ASIAN Music Circle (Pres. Yehudi Menuhin). Last Special: Sitar Recital by Ustad Vilayat Khan, accomp. by Nikhil Ghosh on Tabla. Sat. 19 July at 7 p.m. at Friends House, Euston Rd, NW1. Tickets at door or from Hon. Sec., AMC, 18 Fitzalan Rd, N3. Tel. FIN. 2934.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ACADEMY Cinema (GER. 2981). Morning Shows daily 11 a.m. (ex. Suns). Films on Art and Life in the Middle Ages (U).

EVERYMAN, HAM. 1525. Until 20 July. Satyajit Ray's 'Pather Panchali' (U).

ROXY, BAY. 2345, Wk c. 13 July, 7 days, James MacArthur, Kim Hunter, 'The Young Stranger'. A. 'Public Pigeon No. 1'. U.

FOLKSONG Unlimited. Stan Kelly introduces Dominic Behan, Shirley Collins, Sandy Paton, Isabel Sutherland. Every Wednesday, 8 p.m., Cranbourne, Upper St Martin's Lane. Admission 3s. 6d.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Dancing. Today, 12 July, 8-11 p.m. Members 3s. and their guests 5s.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Reproductions of old & modern masters. Average price for large prints 55s. & 7s. 2d. tax. Illustrated catalogue 1s. 6d. from 11 Great Turnstile, WC1.

ARTISTS of Fame and Promise – 26th Year. The Leicester Galleries, Leicester Sq., 10-5.30. Sats 10-1.

THE Waddington Galleries. Three Painters. Ivon Hitchens, Jack B. Yeats, Roderic O'Conor and 'Colour, Form & Line'. Daily 10-6 Sat. 10-1. 2, Cork St, W1.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton St, W1. Contemporary French paintings on view. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

CORSHAM Court, Nr Bath. Open every day except Mondays. Elizabethan; Georgian interior. Adam and Chippendale furniture; famous Methuen Collection Old Masters. 11-12.30, 2-6. 2s. 6d.

BRIGHTON. Royal Pavilion. Regency Exhibition. State and private apartments fully furnished. Original furniture from Buckingham Palace. Period costumes. The Londonderry Ambassadorial Silver. Open 10 to 8 daily including Sundays.

ART Treasures from Japan. An Arts Council Exhibition. Victoria & Albert Museum. Till 17 August. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6; Tues. & Thurs. 10-8. Sun. 2.30-6. Admission 2s. 6d.

EDWARD Lear: Landscapes, nonsense drawings, manuscripts, etc. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St James's Square, SW1. Till 26 July. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat., 10-6; Tues. & Thurs., 10-8. Admission 1s.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: Alan Davie Retrospective 1936-1958. Weekdays 11-6; Sundays 2-6; closed Mondays. Admission free. Adjoins Aldgate East Station.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, Burlington Gardens, W1. Summer Exhibition of 1958. English & French paintings, watercolours, & original lithographs. Hours 10-6. Sat. 10-1. Exhibition closes 30 Aug.

WOODSTOCK Gallery, 16, Woodstock St, Bond St., W1. Inaugural Exhibition. 7-19 July. Daily 10-6, Sats. 10-1.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St George Street, W1. Giacometti, Marini, Matisse, Moore. Daily 10-5.30, Sats 10-1. Until 13 Sept.

IVEAGH Bequest, Kenwood. Exhibition of Allan Ramsay, Painter-in-Ordinary to George III. Admission free. Weekdays 10-7, Sundays 2.30-7. 210 bus from Archway or Golders Green Stations.

CAS Exhibition at the Tate Gallery until 21 August.

COMMONWEALTH Institute, SW7. African Paintings from N. Rhodesia. 7-27 July. Admn. free. Daily 10-4.30, Sun. 2.30-6.

EDWARD Lear: Landscapes, nonsense drawings, manuscripts, etc. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St James's Square, SW1. Last day. Open 10-6. Admission 1s.

ARCADE Gallery, 28 Old Bond St, W1. Master drawings of four centuries; some primitive sculptures.

ST George's Gallery: Exhibition of the 40 best British Etchings, Lithographs, etc., of 1958. Colour transparency catalogue illustrating all 40, 5s. post free. 7 Cork St, W1.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork St, W1. The Dying Art – 20th-Century Portraiture. Closing 19 July.

DRIAN Gallery, 7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch W2. 4 plus 2 Sculptors, Painters, Till 19 July Daily 10-6; Sats 10-1.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Fautrier – Paintings 1928-1958. Till 2 August. Adm. 1s. Mems free. Library: Paintings by Edgar Hubert.

GALLERY One, 20 D'Arblay St, W1. Five painters from Rome.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. Exhibitions: William Harvey, Tercentenary Exhibition; Electricity in the Service of Medicine; and other exhibitions. Mon-Friday 10-5, Adm. free.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond Street, W1. Important drawings, paintings and sculptures offered for sale in Exhibition of XIX & XX Century European Masters—Bonnard, Degas, Kokoschka, Matisse, Munch, Picasso, Pissarro, Renoir, Rouault, De Stael, Utrillo, Van Gogh, etc., and two new sculptures by Henry Moore. 10.-5.30 Sat. 10-12.30.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. R. L. Leonard on Wed. 16 July, 7.30 p.m., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Vis 2s.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gardens, W11. Park 7696. Fri., 11 July, 8 p.m. Anatole Goldberg: 'Impressions of the USSR.'

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

ULR 14 July Meeting. Stewards, urgently needed, should come to St Pancras Town Hall at 6.15 p.m.

LONDON Schools Left Club. Prof. Geoffrey Barraclough, 'New Patterns in International Affairs', 5.30, Fri. 11 July, at LBC, 7 Carlisle St, W1.

FRESH Approach to Contemporary Affairs: Stimulating Controversy every Thursday 8 p.m. at Cafe Montmartre (First Floor) 1 minute Finchley Rd Met. Station. Thursday, 17 July: Readings from Herzl's Diaries. What is a Jew? 'Rabbi' Ben Gurion's definition. Refreshments available. General Zionist Organisation. SPE. 3328.

ENTERTAINMENT Arts Socialist Assocn Inaugural Meeting. Chair: Rosamund John. Spkrs inc. Stephen Swingler, MP, C. Logue, Roger Snowdon. Sun., 13 July, 7.30, 'The Cranbourne', 1 St Martin's Lane.

BUDDHIST Society, 58 Eccleston Square, SW1. Public Meeting, Wed., 16 July, 6.30 sharp. Answers to Questions given by members of Council. Questions are invited in advance. This will be the last meeting before Summer recess. The Society's premises will be closed to the public during August, but if you hurry you may still get in at the Summer School, Hoddesdon, 22-29 Aug., £8 12s. 6d. incl. Read 'The Middle Way', leading Buddhist journal in West, 2s. 10d. quarterly post free. Watch for announcement of further lectures & classes in September. Information: TAT. 1313.

S PLACE Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Sun. Evening, 7 p.m. 13 July. Mrs Mary Stocks, 'What Have Women Done with Their Votes?' Write for free 'Record'.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre: Fri. 11 July, 6.30, Caxton Hall (nr St. James's Park Stn): 'What India Stands For'. Chrmn: Rt Hon. Clement Davies. Speaker: Dr K. M. Munshi, ex-Minister, Govt of India; ex-Governor of U.P. All welc. Sun. 13 July, 6 p.m. at the Centre, 68 Dukes Ave, Muswell Hill, N10: Dr K. M. Munshi on Vedanta. Swami Ghanananda's discourses closed July-Aug. Vedanta magazine 2s 6d.

4TH Afro-Asian Students' Conference 10 a.m. & 6 p.m. 19 July, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq. All welc. Adm. free. Grand Cultural Soiree, Songs & Dances from Africa & Asia 7 p.m. 18 July, Conway Hall. 2s. 6d.

UNITED Lodge of Theosophists, Robert Crosbie House, 62 Queen's Gardens, Paddington, W2. Public Lecture, Sun., 8 p.m., 13 July, 'Progress Through Reincarnation'.

SUFI Society: Aziz Balouch, Sufism and Modern problems, Sufi songs and poetry. 14 July, 8 p.m. Conway Hall, Holborn, WC1. Inf.: 41 Pembridge Road, W11. PARk 9356.

SUFI Service. PPU Religion Commission and Universal Centre. 3.30 Sunday, 13 July. 32 Tavistock Sq., Euston.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Philip O'Connor: Self Ltd. Thursday, 17 July, 8.15. Admission 3s., Members 1s. 6d.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, SW1. 19 July at 6 p.m. Mr P. Clarke: 'A Modern View of Astrology'.

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